Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Presidential Vanishing

CERTAIN critics have been startled by a movie called *The President Vanishes*, which by the time this is published must be familiar to most Americans. What is surprising in the film is its assumption that wars are arranged by big and piratical industrialists, or at least that the United States can be manipulated into an already existing war by these gentry. In the film a small group of men—a steel magnate, an oil king, an unscrupulous politician, an international banker, an owner of a chain of sensational newspapers and a Washington lobbyist—undertake to draw the United States into a new European war for the sake of the profit in it. It is true that the film's impressionistic account of the propaganda used to persuade 120,000,000 Americans to this course does not include the movies themselves, yet its implication—that wealthy Americans might make such use, successfully, of any other means of propaganda, and without a patriotic motive—is distinctly a new departure. That it could have upsetting and even subversive effects on the mass mind was indicated by the odd quiet with which audiences watched the picture: there was enough excitement and patriotic fervor in other phases to draw more noise from the spectators if they were not impressed by the idea.

But there is another idea in the film which also deserves attention. Although the little group of wilful men succeed in persuading all of Congress and the majority of American citizens that the country's honor must be saved by entrance into the war, the President stands out against them, and just when his cause seems hopeless finally wins the day for peace by having himself kidnapped. By disappearing he gains overwhelming sympathy for himself; and by being "found" in the headquarters of a Fascist army which has nearly succeeded in taking control of the country he destroys all of that army's prestige and returns the majority of the people to peaceful aims.

Thus is taught the great lesson that a problem, insoluble by wise and courageous facing, may be solved by running away from it. While the President stood his ground and fought the warmakers with mere reason, they prevailed. But when he deserted the scene to make a national sensation, irrelevant

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to the main issue, they were confounded.

Obviously there can be other applications of the idea. If the veterans' organizations threaten to become successful in their most unreasonable demands, President Roosevelt might hide away in Hyde Park, announcing that he was kidnapped. Similarly, if conservatives gain too much ground in their fight for a balanced budget, or if the silver Senators find even more support for their bimetallistic schemes, or if the utilities convince a majority of citizens that they really are being robbed by the Government—a neat disappearance might turn the trick.

Of course, the tactic of facing away from a problem is not at all new to the present Administration. There have been many twists and turns of countenance since March 4, 1933, and President Roosevelt is a past master of shifting attention from knotty problems. Although he has so far not encountered anything difficult enough to require his imitating the Cheshire Cat of *Alice in Wonderland*, we may believe that he would not hesitate to do so if the situation demanded it. And it is not hard to imagine what alarm would be felt as that ubiquitous smile vanished from the political air.

In the case of such issues as the bonus and silver legislation, however, it is a question how successful the ruse would be. If Mr. Roosevelt actually took himself from the Washington scene for a few days, some of these patriots would be likely to strip it of everything but the Unknown Soldier's tomb. On the whole it seems advisable not to encourage the President to rely too confidently on the effectiveness of running away from his problems. There is still something to be said for facing them.

Cracking Down in Suburbia

Authoritarianism has bloomed in Bronxville! Residents of the Westchester County suburb have felt the iron heel of a dictatorial Federal Government! Forty families are being gouged of their hard-earned income by postal officials! Although the fine Etruscan hand of Mr. Farley has not yet been discerned in the imbroglio, that will doubtless come before the issue is settled.

What happened is this: The forty families really live in Mount Vernon, though they are several miles from its post office and only a short distance from the Bronxville one. Telephone exchanges take cognizance of the fact that the families, for practical purposes, live in Bronxville, and regulate their rates accordingly. But the Mount Vernon government knows that they are Mount Vernon taxpayers and sends them tax bills with assurance that they will not refuse to pay—on this ground at least. This is what caused the clash with the Federal Government. The Mount Vernon controller early in January mailed bills to the forty taxpayers, placing on each envelope a two-cent stamp in the reasonable belief that all citizens of so small a locality enjoyed the same postal rate. But the Bronxville postmaster returned the letters with a demand for forty cents' extra postage, since three cents is the proper rate between two such localities.

So the matter stands at the moment of writing. The Mount Vernon controller is aware "that an important principle is at issue," and takes his time to arrive at a decision. But what can he do against the majestic power of our Federal Government, inflated by Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues? Its will

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must prevail; that is the principle of authoritarianism. And there is the further disturbing thought for the Mount Vernon controller that the high authority in this particular instance is one Postmaster General Farley, who has it in mind to become Governor of the State of New York in 1936. If the controller does not play his cards delicately, he may not enjoy being controller after that date.

Non-Partisan News

Mr. William Randolph Hearst made a speech over the radio on January 5, giving the American people "the plain, uncensored truth" about Russian Communism. Apparently he had a double motive: to check the spread of Communism in this country and to dissuade Americans from doing business with the Soviets—at least in the form of sending them our surplus grains.

There is, of course, nothing unusual in a Hearst denunciation of Communism. But it was amusing to hear him say: "My friends, in this discourse I am not quoting in any place or in any particular form my own publications, lest you might think that their facts were influenced by my opinion." The trend of modern journalism is toward a policy of keeping editorializing out of the news pages, but there is such a thing as selection of stories to print and to emphasize. It would be difficult to persuade many intelligent readers that the Hearst papers did not enjoy editorial attention of this kind—even if Mr. Hearst had not had his radio speech reproduced in large type on the front page of his journals, where important news is supposed to have first place.

W. A. D.

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Could This Really Be an "Age of Plenty"?

By J. George Frederick

Have we either the human or the industrial capacity to make it so, and would we like it if we had?

Quite evidently the Left and Right are meeting on a critical battleground when they take up the question of our ability to produce "plenty."

The reason newspaper and magazine columns resound with discussion on "overproduction," "idle plant capacity," etc., is that the Leftists critically need to establish the point that America could at once produce very great quantities for everybody. If they can not establish this point, half a dozen Leftist doctrines fall with a crash. The mooted "age of plenty" would be spilling through a sieve.

This is why we have had the almost savage comment from the Left on *America's Capacity to Produce* by the Brookings Institute, and statistician Robert Doane's findings along the same line. Only the less radical *New Republic* has admitted as substantially correct Doane's figures (showing no very great capacity to produce beyond 1929)—but takes the more equivocal position that American industry could quickly be made to produce a great plenty. However, no one has ever seriously denied that there is great "potential plenty" in America; and the whole question threatens to go into a bunker when it is made to hinge on a matter of how much time it would take to bring American capacity to produce up to the high level necessary for universal "plenty." Would it take two years or twenty? And if twenty, would it not happen (as it has in the past twenty years) that our standards would move up again to elude the *ignis fatuus* of "plenty"?

Those who know intimately the status of American industry have no hesitation whatever in saying that it would be quite impossible to reach within two years the production point necessary for universal "plenty" (even if this conception of "plenty" is held down to the $2,100 a year standard for every family which has been widely accepted as a "decent American standard of living"). Equally emphatic is the decision of such realists about American industry, to the effect that there was no tremendous "overproduction" in 1929. To cap the climax, there is a great deal of agreement (among Leftists and Rightists) on the point that the $2,100

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a year "decent" standard is actually low. No very pronounced American paradise can be built on $2,100 per year per family, and this the capitalist knows as definitely as the collectivist.

II

Thus it comes to pass that, paradoxically, just at the time that Utopian societies on the Pacific Coast are flourishing like the green bay tree, the main supports under Eastern economic Utopias are falling down. "Plenty" for everybody, alas, is *not* just around the corner.

Perhaps this climax becomes a double climax when further research discloses that a thoroughly sound but not at all extravagant health diet, if adopted by all American families, would require not only all acreage now under farm production, but 40,000,000 more acres! This is confounding to both Left and Right! Couple this with the Brookings Institution conclusion that "it would require but a moderate increase in the consumption of the millions whose standards of living even in 1929 were below the requirements of health and efficiency *to absorb the full productive capacities of the nation*," and you have virtually a silencer for the extravagant statements of Leftists who have persisted in the argument that merely some political turn-about is necessary to pour at once (within two to five years, say) into the laps of every American family a bountiful "plenty."

Even this, however, is not the full realistic story of the practical inability of America to accomplish this plenty soon. It is well certified that in 1929—with our production system well oiled, with a practised smooth organization of workers, going at a good clip (but on an average of fifty-one hours per week)—we could have produced about twenty per cent more than we did. But what do we now face in 1935?

First of all, we have reduced hours of work from near fifty-one to about forty (with the A. F. of L. clamoring for thirty). It would take a twenty-five per cent increase of efficiency in production to bring present-day production capacity up to that of 1929, in view of the decline in hours—but there is no twenty-five per cent increase in production to be found by any realistic study of production today, and therefore we are forty per cent less able to produce than in 1929, on this one count (shortened hours of work) alone.

Second, the realistic facts are that not only has there been no general improvement in production efficiency (except some few individual industries) but there has been an actual decline, for a variety of perfectly good reasons. We might summarize them:

(1) Near-stoppage of modernized factory construction;

(2) Deterioration of idle machinery, rusting and going to ruin through lack even of the minimum of care idle machinery and plants need;

(3) Disorganization of working staffs, both managerial and skilled labor, tuned up and built up for effective service;

(4) Change in consumer requirements, desires and technical adaptation; making much of the 1929 production facilities obsolete.

There are other factors making for decline in production capacity, but these are the major ones. They have done very great damage to American production, and in consequence, there is so much to do to modernize production that the job begins to look semi-revolutionary. It is not exaggerating to

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say that many plants which were fully up-to-date even as late as 1929 are now quite obsolete; rendered so not necessarily by other new factories in competition, but by general technical or æsthetic advances which have not yet been applied, but are waiting to be applied. These advances are not necessarily efficiency or cost-cutting advances, but also represent psychological changes in demand. These are often of an extent and character making an entirely new factory and technique preferable or necessary.

III

We must stop here to puncture one of the balloons of the easy economic generalizers, the balloon of "factory capacity," a phrase which has never been and is not now anything but a "weasel word." Its very origin is Barnum-like. Factory owners once used to boast freely and harmlessly about their capacity and sometimes printed these boasts on their letterheads along with an accommodating artist's fanciful drawing of the factory; a 2,000-foot floor space factory being made to look like a 10,000-foot factory. "Factory capacity," in this Barnumized sense, was calculated on a purely theoretical or semi-imaginative basis. If the factory was being worked on one shift, the handy lead pencil made it easy to treble it, by assuming that the factory could produce three times as much on three shifts. Doubtless it could —given no accidents, no strikes, and all the requirements of such a three-shift plant (which the plant almost invariably could not boast). Either the assumption (unwarranted) was that three shifts of equally skilled labor were available, or that all the accessories and facilities of a trebled production were present (an assumption equally unwarranted). A competent production engineer who has studied three-shift, twenty-four-hour production in a practical manner, knows that there are many factors necessary to its success which the average plant does not possess. At the same time the community where the plant is located rarely has the facilities for trebling the skilled labor necessary. Even when well trained engineers rate the factory capacity there is often over-calculation due to the narrow technical premises used in calculation. The famous Smith plant in Milwaukee making automobile frames with but little hand labor was widely quoted as having a 10,000-a-day capacity, but when I checked it up, it was officially admitted to be twenty-five per cent less.

The Technocrats put their heads in this dangling noose of "factory capacity" and gaily committed suicide on it. They made the term stretch out, not merely to a theoretical present capacity, but to a future one, provided every known or projected modern science was focused on it and applied, no matter how far off the projected scientific advance might be in application, or how freshly born in the laboratory. "Factory capacity," in their hands, became a Jules Verne technique, accomplished merely with pen and paper; but was argued as if when we woke up tomorrow morning it would be a realized fact.

We may now turn our attention to a second angle of the subject, equally deadly to the blithe assumptions of "plenty." There is a textile mill in New England, let us say. It stands there beside a mill dam, a huge three-story affair, a block long, run by water power, and our prophets of plenty insist that it is to be calculated in our roster for making production. Has it not 3,000 spindles, and would these not produce

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so many million yards of cloth operated on three shifts? How dare we cavil at this calculation?

But what are the facts? Alas and alack! The mill is a hang-over from early days, with rather ancient machinery and facilities, and the cost per yard of cloth manufactured here is thoroughly uneconomic. Furthermore to run it to full capacity, three shifts a day would not only require more power than is available, but also more skilled labor, three or four times the present population of the town, and create housing and a lot of other serious and more or less unsolvable problems. In other words, it is absolutely uneconomic to run this mill three shifts; in fact it is already fairly evident that it is uneconomic to run it *at all!* Its real "capacity" is zero! (What good is a factory producing bread at a dollar a loaf?) There are a great number of factories like this textile mill.

IV

A third element in the situation is brought out by asking, bluntly, "*capacity to produce what?*" It is a very grave error in assumptions of plenty to overlook the basic element of *desire* (the older orthodox word was *demand*). We have a much more psychological view of economics today, and have sloughed off the older rigidities of thinking. If America were full of factories, all managed by idiots, and all these factories were manufacturing iron deer for lawns, candlesticks, wigs and stage coaches, etc., what relation would such production have to effective demand? None, of course. But we never attain, in our modern, swift civilization, a one hundred per cent coördination of desire and production (these are far more accurate and expressive words than "supply and demand"). A certain proportion of factory effort is always found to be maladjusted; making goods not wanted. Therefore we must face the fact that a surprising proportion of our production *does not hit the moving target of desire*. It is nothing to cry over; even the expert marksman does not always hit the bull's-eye. Consequently it is not to be wondered at that even our most able enterprisers constantly make "misses." The less able and the incompetent make a great many misses, of course.

The net result is a considerable volume of production which is a "drug on the market." When one considers what prayerful, intense, earnest effort by enterprisers goes into hitting the bull's-eye of economic desire, it doesn't take long to surmise that a state capitalistic enterprise, operated bureaucratically, would miss the bull's-eye mournfully often; and that because of this fact an economic dictator would quickly be faced with the Joshua-like temptation of *commanding the moving target of desire to stand still*. That is to say, he would issue an edict: *regiment your desires, so that we may cut waste and have our beloved "plenty."* But plenty of what?—we would again impudently inquire. Iron deer and stage coaches? The same neckties for everybody? One model of automobile? One style of shoes? Are we not now moving along this path faster than any people on earth? The meaning and philosophy of the term plenty, in terms of desires, and in terms of efficient producing, thus becomes apparent. We may have plenty of goods in the precise degree that we will consent to throttle down and similarize our desires and uniform ourselves. If the American people would sign contracts to accept the rations of a

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tsar of production, just as the army man must accept the army's rations as handed to him (but without the army man's chance to buy other goods with his pay), then it would technically be possible in two years, I believe, to provide a very goodly ration for everybody in America. The manufacture of all toothpaste, for instance, would be confined to one brand, in two factories, one in the East and one in the West. The result would be that toothpaste would be listed in the budget at one-third of its present cost. But you would have to like what was handed to you. You could storm around all you liked—you would get no other toothpaste. In the same proportion, the cost of other goods would be reduced, because the entire job of manufacture and of distribution would be cut-and-dried; so much goods delivered to every single person or family, just as automatically as the postman delivers mail.

Would this be "plenty"? Under the "plenty" of "organized production" at least nine-tenths of the differences in goods manufactured would cease; you would have "a toothpaste," "an automobile," "a radio," while in women's clothing there would certainly be a very striking reduction in differences and fashion changes. But would this be "plenty" in any eyes but those of the believers in the special cults of "plenty"? The idea of plenty which exists in the average mind is quite something else again. Mainly it consists, of course, in *plenty of the particular things you happen to like*. Not even on so common an article as coffee or tea would there be the least hope of uniform, satisfied acceptance, for there are many blends and types. A standardized "plenty," based on concentrated manufacturing efficiency, would of necessity compel the rigid regimentation of desire. Admittedly this regimentation of America has the "capacity" for such a "plenty"—it could undoubtedly be accomplished in two years; and admittedly it would result in every family in the United States receiving "rations" of goods lifting it up to somewhere near a "comfort level," with sufficient goods for health and quite ordinary comfort, but only of a plain kind. The whole procedure, however, we must significantly repeat, would be on the same basis as a distribution of army goods; the same monotonous uniformity, the same subordination of individual whim and preference. And of course it would change the economic system in America to a kind of gigantic Red Cross organization, with citizens as ration recipients, and compelling giving and taking of definite commands to workers to labor, in a manner worked out by the masters of production on a technical efficiency basis.

V

The striking thing to note is that such a gigantic change in our economic scheme, and a virtual cessation of American economic life as we know it, requiring at least two years of the most far-reaching reorganization, *would arrive at a net result startlingly little different from the conditions now complained of;* in fact, would be an extension of today's disabilities to every one. We would all be in a kind of vast CCC camp, accepting rations and obeying the orders of the drillmasters who ran it. Certainly the CCC is a distinct step upward toward comfort and health and well-being—even enjoyment—for those now in such concentration camps. So, likewise, would the plan of the new "plenty" be a step upward for a great

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many people, and they might be as willing and eager to enter into it as the CCC people are. But could we really call it a "good life" as a permanent policy?

The truth is that a majority of clear-eyed citizens of the United States, understanding all the issues involved, and weighing the relative values, would, without the shadow of a doubt, reject the "plenty" which would be offered on the terms I have indicated as attainable in two years. We have the capacity for such a regimented "plenty" if this plenty is taken to mean goods of a minimum comfort kind manufactured under dictatorship-ruled state capitalism in absolutely simplified, standardized fashion (one article, one model of a kind and far fewer choices of colors, designs, types)—ending all private enterprise and commandeering and allocating all labor under "must" orders and all raw materials. An Inca-like civilization would thus develop, in which each citizen would be a virtual duplicate of the other, well-fed, well-led and well subdued.

The American people would surely, of all peoples, abhor such "plenty" and its implications. Yet this is the only "plenty" which at the present time we could bring about even by the most Herculean effort, in a few years; the only plenty that we have present capacity for. It has been shown that to raise all families now below $2,500 a year up to $2,500 a year would increase consumption by sixteen billions; and that to add $1,000 to every family below $10,000 would increase consumption by twenty-seven billions. Both of these are vast sums (our present production capacity for consumption goods is only about fifty-one billions), and to add sixteen or twenty-seven billions to it is a very great task indeed, not possible within less than five or ten years. And even when it was accomplished, it would be far from any real "plenty." The unfulfilled consumptive desires of the American people at the present time would require, in the opinion of myself and other economists, a production *at least three times the production of consumption goods in 1929*. This means a total of 210 billions of production of consumption goods. The production capacity of the country will have to be *enlarged by four times* in order to attain such a desirable stage, and it will take twenty years to accomplish it, even on the most optimistic prediction. Fifty years is the time such an increase has required in our past history. It will not take fifty years this time, because of our far higher technical efficiency, and because there is great and determined interest today in the related problems of distribution of wealth along more humane and just lines.

We are always on the road toward plenty, and achieving it in some goods (usually when it is no longer so desirable), but desire is the imp which upsets all neat calculations and rigid fixities, for it always sets itself a little farther out of reach. And it is well that it does! There never will be, nor should be, an "age of plenty." Human psychology and its desires will see to that. Efforts to impose static "plenty" will necessarily mean efforts to impose rigidity; to curb desire and regiment it. Curbing desire is akin to curbing life. The human creature, as well as his economy, has no "capacity for plenty" that he can endure—unless he is dying.

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Britain Wields the Economic Big Stick

By G. E. W. Johnson

The English experiment with the modern uses of an unfavorable balance of trade

For nearly ninety years Britain was the classical land of free trade. Her political leaders had embraced with enthusiasm the principles formulated by Adam Smith and carried to victory by Richard Cobden: each country should specialize in the production of those commodities which it produces more cheaply—in economic terminology, more efficiently—than any other country. As imports are always balanced by exports, it is to the interest of a nation to buy in the cheapest market. A protective tariff for the purpose of coddling some industry which can not compete with cheap foreign goods is sheer nonsense, a subsidy to inefficiency. Cobden held that Britain produced manufactured goods more cheaply than any other country; foreign nations, on the other hand, produced food and raw materials, such as wheat and cotton, more cheaply than Britain. Hence there was conceived to be a natural complementary relationship between Britain and the rest of the world: Britain was destined to be the workshop of the world, eating food imported from abroad and transforming raw materials into finished products which would be exported to pay for the imports. The beautiful symmetry of Cobden's teachings carried the British imagination by storm. The abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846 terminated the protection that had been accorded to home-grown food; and, putting the free trade theory into practice, the British deliberately sacrificed their agriculture as an inefficient industry in the belief that its loss would be more than compensated for in the phenomenal growth of the manufacturing industry.

For a generation or more, Cobden's vision seemed to be justified. British industry increased by leaps and bounds. Britain's fate became more inextricably interwoven with that of the outside world than was the case with any other major power. Specialization in certain lines was carried so far that the cotton manufacturing industry exported no less than three-fourths of its total production.

But as early as the 'Seventies it had become evident that Cobden's vision of Britain as the sole workshop in an otherwise agricultural world was a sheer de-

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lusion. Other countries declined to sacrifice their manufacturing industries as Britain had sacrificed her agriculture. They refused to resign themselves to a colonial economy. Tariff barriers sprouted everywhere to protect infant industries against British competition. And in some countries—notably Germany and the United States—these industries, once they had emerged from their infantile stage, proved that they could in certain lines undersell the British product in the open world market.

These new developments early brought Britain face to face with a serious problem. Her top-heavy industrial structure had brought into being a dense population that was swollen out of all proportion to the agricultural resources of the country. Food and raw materials had to be imported, but it was impossible to sell to other countries exports of an equal amount to pay for them. It was found that exports were only covering about two-thirds of the value of imports. How was the gap, amounting to something like a hundred and fifty million pounds a year, to be bridged? A way out was found that seemed to offer a solution—foreign investments. England could no longer be the world's workshop, but she could still be the world's banker. The vast reserves of wealth that had been accumulated in the period of Britain's industrial supremacy were exported and invested in undeveloped countries. No tariff barriers excluded the welcome flow of capital, and the income from these investments comprised Britain's "invisible exports" that bridged the gap in the unfavorable balance of trade.

II

The War and its aftermath seriously undermined Britain's position in several ways. First, Britain's reserves of wealth were in large measure exhausted in the task of financing the conflict. She could no longer readily meet the demands of foreign borrowers, who turned in increasing measure to the United States. Secondly, the spirit of social unrest engendered all over the world introduced a new disregard for the once unchallenged doctrine of the sanctity of property. Foreign capital is welcomed by any country when it first arrives on the scene; but, once established, it is regarded as legitimate game for socialistic experiments. Russia led the way when she confiscated all foreign holdings in the revolution of 1917; Indian nationalists promise to mete out the same treatment to British investments in India if once they gain control of that country. Not so drastic as the threat to the principal of the investment, but scarcely less annoying, is the spreading tendency of many countries to restrict or prohibit the transfer of interest or profits to the investors residing in another country. The result has been to make the British investor chary of sinking his money in foreign ventures. The American bankers who, with far less experience of foreign lending, eagerly rushed in to fill the gap left by Britain's partial withdrawal from the field of international finance during the post-War period, have been badly bitten by the wholesale defaults of recent years.

Finally, there has grown up in Britain a tendency to question the social value of foreign investments, entirely apart from the grave risks attaching to the security of such holdings. In particular, economists of a newer school have begun to ask whether there is not some connection between the high level of unemployment that has plagued Britain ever since the end of the War and

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the high level of foreign investments. Capital invested abroad gives employment to foreign, not to British, workers. The income from such capital accrues to a relatively small class of the population. Instead of percolating down to the British masses in a normal and wholesome manner in the form of wages, it has to be distributed in the form of taxation to provide unemployment relief and other social services. It is argued that though capital invested in Britain might bring in a smaller initial return to the investor, it would be safer in the long run and, by promoting domestic employment, conduce to a healthier economic order.

The cumulative effect of all these tendencies has been to spread a feeling of popular distrust for the whole notion of foreign investments. From time to time in periods of financial stringency the government has prohibited foreign flotations altogether. Everything has been done to encourage investment in domestic instead of foreign enterprises, and this policy has been reflected in the increasing proportion of domestic offerings on the London market. In 1913 only eighteen per cent of the total flotations on the London market were intended for investment within Great Britain; in 1928 the proportion had risen to seventy-four per cent.

III

But if Britain is no longer to equalize the unfavorable balance of trade by means of foreign investments, she must either reduce her imports or increase her exports. The most appealing argument used by the Conservative party in advocating tariffs, quotas, embargoes and similar devices for the restriction of trade was that it would afford a weapon for bargaining with other countries and bringing pressure to bear upon them to admit a higher proportion of British goods. Such countries would not believe the economists who warned them that their exports would automatically decline if they raised their tariffs, but perhaps they would be convinced by an object lesson if imports from such countries were limited by quotas deliberately imposed by the British Government. So ran the argument. The British electorate had decisively defeated Joseph Chamberlain in 1906 and Stanley Baldwin in 1923 when they had sought a mandate for a tariff policy; but the financial crisis of 1931, which led to the collapse of the Labor Government and its replacement by a National Coalition Government, afforded the opportunity the Conservatives had so long yearned for. The National Government appealed to the British electorate for a free hand—a "doctor's mandate," as Ramsay MacDonald called it—and got it by a thumping majority. With Joseph Chamberlain's son Neville appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer to succeed the adamant free trader Lord Snowden, the new Government promptly threw overboard the ark of the covenant containing the sacred scrolls of the prophets Smith and Cobden, and embarked upon what might be termed a "spirited" economic policy.

The British do not, and can not, expect to use their tariff policy to make Great Britain a self-contained country. The sheer impossibility of growing enough food at home to feed the population is sufficient to block that course. There was, indeed, a project, sponsored by industrialists like the late Lord Melchett and publishers like the Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook, to transform the Empire as a whole into a self-contained economic unit. But the scarcely

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concealed fiasco of the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa in 1932 showed that this was a practical impossibility so far as the self-governing dominions are concerned. There are, however, indications that Britain may attempt a partial application of this policy on a more restricted scale in the Crown Colonies.

As has been already pointed out, the avowed purpose of the new economic restrictions was to give the British Government something to bargain with in its dealings with foreign powers. Although the bargaining was supposedly to be confined to the purely economic field, there have been some very interesting manifestations of how difficult it is to resist the temptation to use the economic weapon to gain political ends. In the Nineteenth Century, when some foreign power held British subjects in durance vile or defaulted on its obligations, the British sense of national honor made it almost *de rigueur* to dispatch battleships and punitive expeditions to obtain adequate reparation. Today these devices are no longer possible; but it has occurred to the present National Government of Great Britain that economic reprisals provide a very serviceable substitute as a means of bringing offending nations to book. With all the enthusiasm of a convert to a new faith —or of a child with a new toy, whichever simile may be more appropriate —the British Government has been clapping on tariffs, quotas and embargoes at the slightest provocation. A resort to such devices has the advantage of arousing scant moral indignation among neutral onlookers—who may indeed stand to profit from the situation—and at the same time may pinch the nation against which they are directed with no little severity.

IV

The first country to feel the sharp edge of the new policy was the Irish Free State. It will be recalled that when the Free State was established in 1922, the Sinn Feiners split into two factions. The Cosgrave faction was prepared to compromise with Great Britian on the basis of equality within the Empire, but the de Valera faction wanted an independent republic at all costs. Mr. Cosgrave held the reins of power for a decade, but in the election of February, 1932, he was defeated by Mr. de Valera, who succeeded him as President of the Executive Council. De Valera immediately took steps to relax the bonds linking the Free State to Great Britain and, among other measures, abolished the oath of allegiance to the King. A more concrete move on his part was his determination to suspend the payment of land annuities to Great Britain. In the days when the Free State was still a part of the United Kingdom, the British Government had sponsored a loan on the London market, the proceeds of which had been used to buy out the Irish landlords. The money was conceived to have been lent to the former tenants, who now became the owners of the land, and they were required to pay the government an annual sum of three million pounds to provide the interest and sinking fund on the loan. The Cosgrave régime had agreed to continue the collection of these annuities on behalf of the British Government. But when de Valera became head of the Free State, he announced that he intended to discontinue remitting the annuities to London. Unfortunately for him, however, he had come into power only a few months after the triumph of the National Government in

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Great Britain, which was busily engaged in sharpening its economic teeth.

Preliminary negotiations having ended in deadlock, the Irish Free State on June 30, 1932, defaulted on the instalment of land annuities then falling due. At once Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary for the Dominions, a one-time railway worker than whom there is now no stauncher upholder of Britain's imperial prestige, sprang into action. As a means of recovering the unpaid annuities, a special bill was rushed through the House of Commons on July 8 empowering the Treasury to levy duties up to one hundred per cent on imports from the Irish Free State. So steep a tariff, if actually imposed, would have been prohibitive in its effect and disastrous to the Free State's foreign trade. For while the Free State could have retaliated with a counter-embargo, she could have sustained the burdens of such a trade war much less readily than Britain. The attainment of political independence by the Irish Free State had not diminished by one whit her economic dependence on England, which furnishes almost the sole market for Free State exports. In 1931 ninety-four per cent of the Free State's exports —thirty-five out of thirty-seven million pounds—were consigned to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. On the other hand, though British sales to the Free State were somewhat larger, they represented little more than eight per cent of all British exports. A complete cessation of trade between the two countries would therefore have been a major disaster for the Irish Free State and no more than a minor inconvenience for Britain. However, it was not the British intention to strangle Irish trade, but to collect the annuities by an indirect route. The duties actually announced were twenty per cent *ad valorem*. On July 15, the day on which the new tariff went into effect, de Valera paid a last-minute visit to Ramsay MacDonald in London, but neither was willing to budge from the position he had already assumed. Even while de Valera was still in England, a bill providing for retaliatory duties on British coal and manufactures was passed by the Dáil Eireann.

The Irish farmer now found himself in the unhappy position of an inoffensive onlooker who is being buffeted by both parties to a dispute. He was threatened with the loss of the British market to Danish and other competitors not affected by the new British tariff. At the same time, he was still obliged to pay the land annuities to the de Valera Government, which, without much apparent justification, insisted on collecting them though it was no longer remitting them to the British Government. In adopting this rather unsympathetic attitude toward the farmers, de Valera was apparently expressing his resentment at the fact that they were for the most part supporters of his predecessor and rival Cosgrave. The upshot was a wave of social unrest amongst the farmers, and the emergence of a Blue Shirt movement on Fascist lines. To avert the complete ruin of the countryside, de Valera was at last driven to pay bounties to the farmers on meat and cattle exported to the United Kingdom, so as to enable them to lower their prices sufficiently to surmount the tariff wall. The result has been that, through this devious route, the British Government has been collecting a substantial portion of the defaulted annuities.

The economic war has continued without interruption for two and a half years. Trade between the two countries

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has been drastically curtailed. Exports from the Irish Free State to the United Kingdom have been halved from thirty-five million pounds in 1931 to seventeen million in 1933; British exports to the Free State have shrunk from thirty-nine million pounds in 1931 to twenty-three million in 1933. While not all of this decline can be attributed exclusively to the effects of the economic war, a comparison with other trade statistics leaves no doubt that it is the decisive factor.

It is difficult to say how the struggle will end. De Valera has not budged from the position he set forth in the Dáil Eireann on October 19, 1932. "The tariff is bound to cause suffering to the Irish people," said de Valera. "But I believe that as a result of reorganization of the nation's economic life the Free State will be relieved of its dangerous dependence on Britain. The position now is that Britain can use the Free State's dependence on the British market to try to compel us to bow to her will. This government will not bow. It will defend the people's rights and make whatever economic adjustments may be necessary." In line with prevailing tendencies in the world, it is de Valera's objective to transform the Free State from an English "ranch" into a self-contained country, producing its manufactures at home instead of importing them from England, and raising wheat for domestic consumption instead of cattle for shipment to England. He has adopted the philosophical point of view that the British economic policy is really a blessing in disguise and will facilitate the attainment of his own objective, although compelling him to travel somewhat faster toward his goal than he had intended.

But although de Valera has refused to yield on the annuities question, there can be little doubt that the fear of a complete embargo on Free State exports to the United Kingdom is the one factor that has so far deterred him from bringing to a head his policy of complete secession from the British Commonwealth of Nations. Such at any rate would seem to be the import of the letter sent by President de Valera to Secretary Thomas on November 29, 1933, in which he pointedly asked whether the British Government would "treat as a cause of war or other aggressive action a decision of the Irish people to sever their connection with the Commonwealth." Mr. Thomas refused to disclose whether the pistol in his hand was loaded. "Since His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom," he replied, "are unable to accept the assumption . . . that lasting friendship can not be attained on the basis of the present relationship, they do not see any grounds for answering a question which is founded on that assumption."

So the matter still stands at the present writing. It would seem that de Valera's decision to cut the painter will be largely dependent on his ability to break the economic bonds that now tie the Irish Free State to Great Britain. But if the economic big stick wielded by Britain has deterred de Valera from taking the final step, it has not availed to make him retreat from the stand he has already taken. Far more striking have been the signal victories attained by Britain through the application of economic pressure over two much bigger powers—Russia and Germany.

V

The British Government had long been dissatisfied with the status of its

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trade with Soviet Russia. For their purchases in Britain the Russians were demanding unusually favorable credit facilities, and yet they were buying far less than they sold. In order to conform with the Ottawa agreements, moreover, Britain was anxious to switch some of its import trade with Russia to the dominions. Accordingly, on October 17, 1932, the British Government gave the Soviet Union the stipulated six months' notice of its intention to terminate the commercial treaty then regulating their trade relations.

In March of 1933, while the two countries were in the midst of negotiations for a revised agreement, an event occurred that was to give rise to the most dramatic case in which Britain has applied her new economic weapon. This was the arrest in Moscow of six British engineers employed by the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company on charges of military and economic espionage, sabotage and bribery. The British Government immediately championed the innocence of the accused and took the attitude that British subjects were being used for "speculative treason trials staged for reasons of internal politics." On March 12 Sir Esmond Ovey, the British ambassador at Moscow, got in touch with Maxim Litvinov, the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and warned him that the Soviet Government "must refrain from being drawn by excessive zeal of the police into trumping up frivolous, fantastic charges against a friendly, reputable British company. Otherwise the conclusion of a trade agreement would be pointless." Sir Esmond's protest, however, was treated with scant consideration. When he returned to the attack on March 28 to warn the Soviet Government of economic reprisals to be taken if the trial of the engineers was not abandoned, he received a curt rebuff from Litvinov. Making a pointed reference to Sir Esmond's former service as Minister to Mexico, Litvinov told him that "such diplomatic methods might, perhaps, succeed sometimes in Mexico, but in the U.S.S.R. they were doomed beforehand to failure." Upon being informed of the crusty attitude of Soviet officialdom, the British Government forthwith recalled Sir Esmond from Moscow.

On April 4 Sir John Simon, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, introduced a bill in the House of Commons empowering the Government to declare an embargo on Russian goods if the British engineers should be sent to prison. The bill became law within a few days. The following comment of the London *Times* reflected the prevailing British sentiment: "For any justice the accused Britons are to get they can look, not to a packed court subservient to their persecutors, nor to attorneys terrorized by the OGPU, but solely to such influences as the British Government, backed by an indignant public opinion, can bring to bear in their behalf."

On April 12 the trial of the British engineers began. One of the defendants, MacDonald, seriously hampered the efforts being made in his behalf by unreservedly confessing his guilt to all the charges. The other five staunchly proclaimed their innocence. The British Government took the attitude that MacDonald had been terrorized into making his confession, and Sir John Simon flatly denied that he had ever been connected with the British intelligence service. On April 19 the Soviet court announced its verdict. MacDonald was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and another engineer named Thornton

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to three years'. Three other engineers were ordered deported and one was acquitted.

As soon as the verdict was made known, the British Government proclaimed the imposition of an embargo on eighty per cent of all Russian goods imported into Britain, to remain in effect as long as the two engineers were denied their freedom. On April 22 the Soviet Government retaliated by prohibiting all purchases in Great Britain or the use of British shipping. It was obvious, however, that in this tug of war Britain held the advantage, for the simple reason that she imported twice as much from Russia as she exported. Imports from the Soviet Union in 1932 were valued at nineteen million pounds, and exports at ten million.

When Litvinov came to London in the latter part of June to attend the World Economic Conference, he visited Sir John Simon and a settlement was quietly arranged. On July 1 it was announced in Moscow that the sentences of MacDonald and Thornton had been commuted and they were permitted to leave Russia at once. Simultaneously Britain and Russia terminated the embargoes on each other's goods and resumed negotiations for another trade agreement.

The negotiations for a commercial agreement were long-drawn out, and it was not signed until February 16, 1934. The most significant feature of the revised pact was that it reflected the new British policy of insisting that foreign countries buy from her if they wished to sell to her. The Soviet Government was persuaded to express itself as "being desirous of applying in an increasing proportion the proceeds of the sale in the United Kingdom of goods imported from the U.S.S.R. to payments for goods purchased in the United Kingdom, and for the utilization of British shipping services." To make this general declaration watertight, a schedule was attached to the agreement setting forth the approximate ratio that was to obtain between Soviet receipts and expenditures in the United Kingdom. Out of every hundred pounds received from the United Kingdom in 1934, the Soviet Government was to spend fifty-nine in the United Kingdom, and this proportion was to be gradually increased until in 1938 and subsequent years the Soviet Government pledged itself to spend in the United Kingdom ninety-one out of every hundred pounds received.

This feature of the Anglo-Russian trade agreement will probably become a landmark in economic history, for there can be little doubt that it is only the first essay in a policy that Britain will seek to apply to other nations whenever opportunity offers. Every country with which Britain has an unfavorable balance of trade is likely to find itself exposed to this squeeze play sooner or later. In effect the British are saying to the world, "If you do not buy from us, you can not sell to us." Only, instead of leaving this principle to be established by the impersonal operations of economic law, they intend to see that it works by actually regulating the machinery.

VI

The next great threat of a trade war arose in connection with the announced intention of Germany to default on the payment of interest on the Dawes and Young Plan bonds, of which about nineteen million pounds are held in Great Britain. The service of these obligations is all that is left of the

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wreckage of the reparations system, although they fall into a different category from ordinary reparations payments because they represent sums actually loaned to Germany. The Nazis, however, regard these obligations as relics of the Versailles "dictate," and they are therefore anxious to end them once and for all. In May of 1934 Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank and economic dictator of Germany, who is well known for his intransigent opposition to reparations, announced that he was planning to declare a six-months' moratorium on the instalments of interest due after July 1. As justification for this measure, Dr. Schacht pointed to Germany's adverse trade balance. Germany's favorable balance of trade, which touched an all-time record peak of three billion marks in 1931, rapidly dwindled thereafter to one billion marks in 1932 and less than seven hundred million marks in 1933. In January of 1934 the figures for Germany's international trade definitely went into the red, the adverse balance totaling more than two hundred million marks during the first six months of the year. Dr. Schacht eagerly seized upon this fact as proving that Germany was unable to make the payments demanded. On June 14 the Reichsbank announced its moratorium on the service of the Dawes and Young loans.

The British Government immediately took steps to checkmate Dr. Schacht's designs. A study of trade statistics disclosed that whatever might be the state of Germany's trade balance with the world as a whole, she sold much more to Great Britain than she bought. As in the case of her dispute with Soviet Russia, this circumstance gave Britain the whip hand. On June 20 the Government introduced in Parliament a bill which empowered it to establish an exchange clearing office through which British importers would be required to transmit all sums owing to their German creditors. This clearing office would hand over to Germany a sum equal to eighty per cent of the value of German sales to Great Britain, the twenty per cent retained being the amount estimated as sufficient to reimburse the British bondholders for the £1,700,000 due them each year. The German Government would thereby be saddled with the obligation of making up the balance due to its own exporters, unless it wished to see them curtail their business. Germany obviously was in no position to retaliate in kind. If she impounded the sums due to British suppliers from their German customers, the British clearing office could withhold sufficient moneys from Germany to pay the British exporters direct, and still have the necessary surplus available for the bondholders.

When Dr. Schacht heard of the British plans, his first reaction was one of explosive indignation. "Nobody will expect Germany to accept such a clearance system," he cried wrathfully. "The complete rejection of all further intercourse with all the countries adopting it would be Germany's answer." Mr. Neville Chamberlain, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied in the House of Commons by charging the German Government with bad faith in using the threat of default to depreciate the value of the bonds, and then secretly buying them up at a discount. "During the six months which ended on March 31 last," asserted Mr. Chamberlain, "the creditors found that, while the Reichsbank was pleading its inability to find foreign exchange to meet its

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obligations, it had released no less than three hundred and thirty-five million Reichsmarks for the purpose of buying depreciated bonds, an amount nearly four times the interest for a full year upon the Dawes and Young Loans."

After Dr. Schacht had had a chance to reconsider his initial reaction to the British tactics, he decided to negotiate, and at the end of June sent a delegation to England. On July 4 the Germans capitulated to the British demands. An agreement was signed whereby Germany agreed to pay interest in full to British holders of the Dawes and Young Plan bonds during the next six months. On November 1 another agreement was reached continuing this arrangement indefinitely, as well as providing for the gradual liquidation of commercial debts upon which Germany had previously declared a moratorium.

The success of the British pressure on Germany was due entirely to the efficacy of the weapon placed in Britain's hands by the fact that she buys more than she sells. This was made clear through the failure of the United States to obtain equally favorable terms. This country's exports to Germany are far greater than its imports, so that any exchange clearing system was out of the question. One can not easily wage economic war on a good customer.

VII

The economic reprisals employed against the Irish Free State and Soviet Russia and threatened against Germany signalize the revolutionary change that has come over British psychology in the matter of foreign trade. The repudiation of the doctrines of *laissez-faire* by Great Britain, the last island of free trade in a protectionist world, is a convincing proof that the era of tariffs, quotas, embargoes, boycotts and every other conceivable form of economic restriction is going to be with us for a long time to come. Indeed, regulation of foreign trade in some form would seem to be a necessary corollary of the various systems of economic planning that are so popular all over the world at present.

The three instances of economic warfare waged by Great Britain which have been treated in some detail above are only typical examples illustrating the application of the new policy. Many others could be cited that are almost equally interesting. In February of 1934 the British imposed a surtax of twenty per cent on a wide range of French imports, and this remained in effect until June, when France signed a new trade agreement increasing the import quotas allotted to British goods. In May they imposed drastic quotas decreasing by more than fifty per cent imports of Japanese cotton and rayon textiles into British Crown Colonies. In Argentina they are sponsoring a "buy-from-those-who-buy-from-us" campaign, with the implied threat that Argentina's meat exports to Britain, which are already limited by a quota, may be still further restricted.

But it would be wearisome to expatiate further upon such details. Enough has been said to make it clear that the new British economic policy has two distinct aspects: first, an attempt to increase exports to a level at which they approach equality with imports; and secondly, the use of a strategic trading position as a cudgel to achieve specific political or economic objectives not directly connected with the sphere of international trade. In the second case, the measures adopted are likely to be of only temporary application, although

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they may lead to diplomatic imbroglios of a more or less spectacular nature. It is the first aspect that bids fair to have a more far-reaching importance in the long run, though it is as yet impossible to forecast all its consequences, or to determine whether it will actually confer upon Britain all the advantages which she anticipates.

It is not at all unlikely that the new British economic policy will sooner or later have repercussions upon American foreign trade, both directly and indirectly. Britain is one of the biggest buyers of American goods, and the United States may one day be invited to increase its purchases of British goods if it wants to retain the British market. The United States also is a heavy exporter to many countries which may have to reduce their purchases from the United States if they are constrained to increase their purchases from Britain, unless this country buys more of their goods. The new British policy, taken in conjunction with the restrictive measures already employed by practically every nation, is going to make increasingly difficult the maintenance of that Utopian condition which has in the past enabled this country to sell far more than it was willing to buy.

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The Nodding Doll

By Sigrid Undset

A Story

It was during my first visit to Paris. One day there was a fête in the quarter where I was staying. I don't know what it was about; it was a fortnight before the National Fête. For all I know it may have been a fête over the whole city, or at any rate the whole *arrondissement*. I assumed it was fair day in our *arrondissement*, but I don't remember why I thought that, or whether I was right.

In any case there was a fête in the part where I lived. I had been waked at a very early hour by the noise of drums and a brass band. A Zouave band was marching along the street. But as I didn't know of any special occasion I crawled back to bed and went to sleep again.

But a couple of hours later, when I went out for my morning coffee, I found myself in the thick of the fête. I was staying near the Boulevard St. German in one of those quite, lower middle-class quarters with tall, dirty old houses and dark little shops and workshops on the ground floor and children playing in the street. But that morning, as I turned my own street corner to go through the little market to my café, I found garlands of paper flowers fluttering from house to house, and the market halls were crammed with people in their Sunday clothes, and in the middle of it all the Zouaves were tootling and drumming.

It was almost impossible to make one's way among the stalls. On other days there was never much traffic in the Marché St. Germain, at least not at such times as I passed through; though I dare say this was due to my not being quite such an early riser as the French housewives. But that morning the people were packed like herrings in a barrel. The band was playing for all it was worth in the middle of the open passage; on a wooden tribune decorated with red, white and blue cloths and green wreaths sat some official-looking male persons dressed in black, and in the only scrap of open space in front of the tribune some little girls were dancing with each other in the bright sunshine.

And in among the booths and in the street outside the holiday-clad populace elbowed its way along. And the saleswomen had smartened up their stalls till the greengrocers' were bulging with fruit and flowers, and the wreath-seller had twice as many bead wreaths as usual, and the butcher had decorated his rabbits and joints of beef with paper roses and gold wire, and the woman of whom I used to buy buttons and sewing

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cotton and who generally had a modest display of cheap morning wrappers and blouses at 1 fr. 95, had come out today with a great show of ladies' underwear and ribbons and hat-trimmings.

The sun was shining gaily and in the little bit of street between the market and my café children were blowing their toy trumphets in rivalry with the Zouave band and sending up airplanes of tin and paper. And there was a host of street traders of both sexes with their boxes and barrows in the roadway and on the sidewalk, and of course I looked at everything with interest as I wound my way through the crowd. While walking these few steps I learned that a thimble is *dé* in French, and I bought a lovely silver one for a franc. True, it turned out not to be real silver, but luckily my franc wasn't either. Besides this I had bought as I went along fifteen yards of factory-made lace, two charming aprons and three awful china shepherdesses, as well as a mother-of-pearl *bonbonnière*. Naturally I had no use for any of these things, but while drinking my glass of thin coffee and eating my roll I amused myself by mentally distributing the treasures among relations and friends at home.

On returning to the hotel I found a lady waiting for me, and we went out to Sèvres and lunched there, so I saw no more of the fête by daylight. But it was in full swing that evening as I went down the Boulevard St. Germain with a Norwegian friend to dine at my usual little restaurant. The trees were hung with colored lanterns and there was a roundabout and a sword-swallower in the open space by the Danton monument. And all the restaurants and cafés and bars had twice as many outside tables as usual and they were all brilliantly lighted up and crammed with people. At our usual haunt the best Jules could do for us was a modest couple of seats at the end of a table which was already occupied by a French family, husband, wife and a little boy.

I put the man down as an artisan with a little workshop of his own—a cobbler or a tailor of the neighborhood. He was thin and had a stoop, so that his black clothes didn't seem to fit him; his grizzled black hair was plastered over the top of his head, which was getting bald, and his cheek-bones stood out in his lean yellow face, which had a kind, slightly childish expression. Madame was short and stout, in the forties, I thought, but still very good-looking, with gentle merriment in her brown eyes. She was bare-headed, as women of her class often are in southern countries, but her wealth of dark hair, slightly tinged with gray, was charmingly dressed with combs and buckles, and she wore a silk skirt and a blouse of Irish lace. Her figure was trim and tightly laced; her pudgy white hands sparkled with rings, and round her neck she wore a gold chain with her husband's photograph in a medallion. The boy was between four and five, pale with brown eyes—not at all a pretty child, if the truth must be told, and very badly brought up, fretful and horrid. But he was extremely smart in his blue velvet suit with big white collar and cuffs.

They had evidently been round the fair; the little boy was fiddling with a whistle and an airplane, and on the table before them stood a nodding doll which seemed to occupy a great deal of their attention. And people at the other tables kept glancing at the doll and calling each other's attention to it with a smile, and Jules gave it a push as if by accident every time he brought a dish, making it nod vigorously. And my friend and I,

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who shared the doll's table, looked at it again and again and smiled.

But there is no doubt it was an altogether remarkable doll. It was a little china girl, only a few inches high, in Dutch costume, and painted in very light colors—her *sabots* and hair a light straw color, her dress sky blue with white apron and hood, and her face, too, was white, with little coal-black streaks for the eyebrows and a touch of pale blue for the eyes and a pink streak for the mouth. She was holding her skirt out with both hands, as if to dance, and the figure had two movements—the body swayed from side to side and at the same time the head nodded up and down. And although of course the figure was no work of art, but on the contrary a quite ordinary, factory-made imitation of modern mat-surfaced porcelain, it had a curiously living look as it stood swinging and nodding—there was something almost mysterious in the mocking and winning smile of the little white girl's face.

The family who owned the doll seemed to be pleased with the attention it aroused and at peace with the world in general. Especially madame—she positively radiated gaiety and cheerfulness as a stove radiates warmth. With little nimble gestures she handed her husband this or that across the table and shared her portion of stuffed tomatoes with the boy—poured a dash of wine into his glass of water: there, now he was to be a good boy and eat his supper. Léon was his name.—But Léon didn't like stuffed tomatoes, he picked at them and made a face and dropped his fork on the floor and pushed away his plate and went back to his toys. And when his mother took them away from him he started blubbering. My word, I thought to myself, you'd get such a fine thrashing if you were *my* boy.

The family had arrived at dessert, and father and mother enumerated all the dainties among which Léon had to choose. But when Jules came with a piece of gruyère for the husband and a cup of *crème vanille* for madame and almonds and raisins for the boy, he changed his mind and wouldn't have them—he wanted the *crème*. And his mamma obligingly changed with him. Even then he wasn't pleased—he stirred the cream with his spoon and didn't taste it. His mother took a bunch of raisins and a few almonds and passed them over to him. Léon crammed them into his cup and stirred vigorously. Then his mamma gave him a mild scolding, as I could understand. But when papa, who had been silent till now, thought he would play a joke and added the rind of his cheese to Léon's mixture, his wife gave him a little slap over the hand—she looked across at me and whispered to the child. Obviously she was saying that he surely wouldn't like the foreign lady to see how badly behaved he was.

Léon was sitting between his papa and me—and now he gave me a crushing glance, as much as to say that he didn't care in the least what the foreign lady thought of him. Then he turned his back on me and started kicking vigorously under the table, lashing out with his heels against my skirts and legs. But madame could see nothing of this—she smiled at me, and I smiled at her, and then she smiled still more and said in a tender and rather apologetic tone: poor child, he was so sleepy.

"*Mais oui, madame, c'est bien tard pour ce petit homme-là*," said I with a proud look at my Norwegian companion. For I thought this was pretty slick French—for me. When I was left

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in the lurch by the woman friend I was staying with, who was a linguist, I usually laid hands on him if I wanted an interpreter.

Next moment I was involved in a lively conversation with madame, who assured me that as a rule Léon was such a good, obedient, well brought-up boy. I nodded and contributed such phrases and expression as I knew, at the points which seemed appropriate, and replied as well as I was able, when I understood what she was saying. With "*N'est-ce pas?*" and "*C'est bien ça*" and similar current tags I was in the habit of setting off my foggy reminiscences of French lessons in my far-off school days.

When the coffee came we were all four engaged in a most animated conversation—that is, the three others were talking, while I limped after them as well as I could. Léon said nothing and played with his airplane. And then I asked my interpreter to inquire where they had bought the nodding doll.

Ah yes, they had won it in a *tombola* in the Place St. Michel. It was dear enough though—the ticket had cost them nearly three francs. But then it *was* charming. We all agreed about that —*trop charmante*, I said.

Afterwards I dragged my companion down to the Place St. Michel, up and down the boulevard and round about the neighboring streets to find another nodding doll for myself. But we couldn't discover any.

II

Not long after my friends went back to Norway and I was left by myself in Paris, not knowing a soul in the whole city. So I was forced to do what I could with the language. And as it was too dull to stay there week after week without uttering a sound, beyond asking for what I wanted in the shops and at the café, I began to make a few acquaintances in the quarter—had a long talk with the baker's daughter every evening when I went there for rolls, and so on.

But my chief source of comfort was the Ice Queen.

I took my morning coffee at a table on the pavement outside a little café. There I sat alone and watched the passers-by. The omnibuses rumbled along the asphalt under the chestnuts of the boulevard, whose leaves were already turning brown; huge Normandy horses dragged incredible loads; automobiles hooted, and errand boys with stacks of red hatboxes dodged in and out of the traffic on their bicycles. And the street vendors pushed their barrows at the edge of the pavement—loaded with dark red roses, or with light green cabbages and dark green cucumbers, barrows full of opal-white fish with rosy gills, barrows of lavender from Provence, barrows of red tomatoes and pale yellow grapes. And women and girls came and bought their supplies—they came bare-headed and in their slippers, some with their hair neatly dressed, wearing well-ironed blue aprons or morning wrappers, while others shuffled about with their hair in curl-papers and a dirty flannel dressing-gown flapping round them.

By the side of the café was a stall for the sale of ice-cream and lemonade and their accompaniments. "*A la Reine des Glaces*" was displayed on its sign, and behind the counter, which always showed a fresh bunch of flowers at each corner, the Ice Queen herself presided among her siphons and carafes of pink and green lemonade and stacks of wafers. She was a tall, majestic and opulent brunette with grizzled hair,

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sparkling coal-black eyes, an aquiline nose and a superb black mustache.

I had never dealt at her stall, but one day as I was passing she called to me. I had been out to the grand boulevard and had there bought some bunches of cyclamen at a street corner. It was these she asked to look at. And as she thought so well of the cyclamen, and I liked her hearty looks, I gave her a bunch. But next morning, as I sat outside the café waiting for my breakfast, the Ice Queen left her stall and handed me a lovely pink rose. I thanked her and put it in my belt, and then she sat down at my table and asked where I came from and what I was doing in Paris, and whether I was married, and was I alone, and all the rest of it. I got on splendidly with her—if I didn't understand what she said, she flung out her arms and laughed; and if I was at a loss for a word I did the same, and then we both laughed. And after that I sat every morning at the end table, close to her counter, and we chatted together.

One morning as I was sitting there a barrow came past full of the loveliest peaches—downy and pale green shading into the finest bronze. I dashed across the street to buy some. And then some one greeted me with such a cheerful, kindly "*Bonjour, mademoiselle.*"

I turned round; it was Léon's mother of the evening of the fête. She was holding the boy by the hand, and Léon seemed just as peevish that morning as he had been when I first met him. But madame looked just as neat and charming as she stood there bare-headed in a pink calico wrapper, and her smile was just as gentle and placid, and her gestures just as soft and supple, as she dropped the smooth brown onions with a faint dry crackle into her net bag.

We stood there a few moments chatting, while Léon tugged at his mother's arm and worried her to buy him some peaches. So of course I offered the boy and his mamma some of mine, and she thanked me with her sweet smile, and Léon thanked me too—under compulsion.

Poor child, he wasn't quite well today, said his mother apologetically. As a rule he was so good.

I declared I was convinced Léon was a good little boy. Indeed, I boldly struck out in the foreign idiom and addressed Léon in the second person singular. "I'm sure thou art a real good little boy—*n'est-ce pas*, Léon?"

To this according to my calculation he ought naturally to have answered like a nice child: "*Oui, mademoiselle.*" But he did nothing of the sort; he scowled at me angrily and answered with his mouth full of peach: "*Non.*"

Well, then I smiled—and madame smiled and shook her head and gave her offspring a gentle push: "But, Léon!" And then we said good-bye and I returned to my café.

I was instantly asked by the Ice Queen whether I knew Madame Houtin, and I told her how it had come about. She knew quite a lot about them—the husband was porter or messenger or something of the sort at the École de Médecine, and the wife carried on a little business, mending china and glass and cleaning lamps, in one of the little streets near the Rue de la Seine. They had married fairly late and had only the one child, who was utterly spoilt. They were going to spend their savings on making a gentleman of him—a doctor or a lawyer, his mother said. The Ice Queen thought there was no sense in that—it would be the ruin of the child. No—and she started telling me again of her two sons; they were

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brought up in a very different way, I might be sure, and it had turned out the right way; she had every reason to be satisfied with them, now they were grown up. (She must have been considerably under the age of consent when she had them, as she had told me herself she was now thirty-two.) But Léon, he was a real badly behaved child—I had been so touched by his mother's friendly smile that I tried to take his part—he was rather sweet all the same—though in my heart I agreed with the Ice Queen that Léon was a horrid little brat.

After that I often met Madame Léon, as I called her—the Ice Queen called her something that sounded like Houtin, but I don't know for certain what it was or how it was spelt—when she was doing her shopping in the morning. And we chatted about one thing and another and walked together a little way, and she was always just as sweet and trim and pleasant to talk to.

III

And now that I had made a few acquaintances in the strange city, I began to feel more at home. Especially after I had formed some regular habits. After my morning coffee I went for a walk—almost always along the same streets, coming out on the Boulevard Raspail where it was still unfinished. A broad road had been driven through the old quarter; some of the houses along the street were only half-demolished, so that one looked into empty rooms, where shreds of stairways hung from the walls, and the soil was disturbed and white with lime dust, while here and there lay heaps of red bricks. In one place an old Gothic church door showed itself among green lime-trees above the rubble of houses that had been pulled down. In the morning sun this half-finished street shone so brightly—the new houses were white with fresh plaster and the air was filled with a fine, light haze over the roadway, and the outlines of broken roofs with their comical little chimney-pots, like rows of teeth, and bare party-walls and the foliage of old gardens, all stood out softly against the shining pale-blue sky.

On my way back to the hotel I used to stop at the same little shop windows, where I soon got to know every object. And since I always frequented the same streets and took my meals at the same two or three places and bought milk and tea and paper and pen-nibs at the same little shops, I gradually made myself at home in a little corner of the great city, which was quiet and peaceful and a good place to work in. But I must admit I saw very little of Paris in this way—a week or more might pass without my crossing to the other bank of the Seine.

But now and again I did make the journey, and one day in a shop in the Boulevard Montmartre, where everything cost 45 or 95 centimes or 1 fr. 95 or 2 fr. 95, I caught sight of a whole shelf full of nodding dolls. Of course I bought one on the spot, and I showed it to the Ice Queen and told Madame Léon about it next time I met her. And on hearing I had only paid one franc ninety-five she was rather annoyed that they had given so much for theirs, but it amused her that I should have found one too. I installed my doll on the mantelpiece in my room, in front of the mirror, and for the whole of the first week I gave her a push every morning, so that she nodded to me while I was doing my hair. But after that I began to lose my interest in her.

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Léon's doll had been smashed, so madame told me one morning when I met her. The child was so fond of it, but of course he was not allowed to play with it; they had put it up on the mantelpiece. And one day, while madame was in the shop and Léon was left alone, he had climbed up to take it down. And then the disaster happened. —But on that occasion Monsieur Léon did get what he deserved.

And then August drew to an end and I was soon to go home to Norway. One morning as I appeared at the café the Ice Queen dashed out to speak to me—the end table was occupied, so I sat farther away.

"Oh, mademoiselle, have you heard? Isn't it sad—the Houtins have lost their little Léon."

He had been in bed for a week with pneumonia and had died three days ago. The Ice Queen had heard it the evening before in the bar. Wasn't it dreadful? Poor things, they were in such distress.

I felt very sorry—it was so painful to think of that cheerful, pleasant little woman losing her child. I had some thoughts of asking the Ice Queen for their address and when the funeral was to take place—perhaps Madame Léon would like it if I sent a wreath. But I didn't know what was the custom in Paris on such occasions, and of course in the end I did nothing about it.

About a week later I saw Madame Léon in the street. She was walking on the opposite side—in a new wrapper, black and white check. I ran across to her:

"Oh, madame—"

She took the hand I offered her:

"Oh, good day, mademoiselle—you have heard.—Yes, it is so sad."

Her voice was as calm and gentle as it had always been. But its cheerful ring was gone—so completely that it was impossible to imagine that it had ever been there. And as I looked down into her face—she was much shorter than I—it struck me for the first time that Madame Léon was far from young. And yet her face was just as usual—only that the engaging brightness which had illumined her full, commonplace features was quenched. And then, as she spoke in her calm tone, with her calm expression, her eyes filled with tears, which ran ceaselessly down her cheeks. Not that she burst out crying when speaking of her sorrow—not at all; it was just as if she were filled with inward weeping, and the poor tired eyes could not keep back the tears. My own eyes grew misty as I saw it.

We walked down the street together. And while her tears poured as though from an inexhaustible spring, she went on chatting quietly in her old amiable and courteous way about one thing and another. She had heard from the Ice Queen that I was soon going home. My mother was still alive? "Then your mother will be glad to see you, won't she?" And then she told me in a calm and natural voice of Léon's illness and death and burial. "Yes, it is sad—*mon Dieu*, how sad it is," she said.

IV

Next morning, when I came for my coffee, Madame Léon crossed the street; she had been waiting for me. She came up and sat down at my table —"You permit me—?

"I wanted so much to ask a favor of you, mademoiselle—you are so friendly." She paused a moment, look-

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ing at her hands, which rested on the table before her. With some embarrassment and much beating about the bush she came out with it.

It was about the nodding doll. Léon had been so fond of it. But now it was gone. They would have liked so much to have one—it would have been so nice to have it standing on the mantelpiece to remind them of Léon. She had been up to the Boulevard Montmartre the day before, but they were sold out—they would not have any more of them either. Did I think it strange that she should ask—I must please say so, if I didn't wish to part with mine. But if I didn't care so very much about it—would I then do her a great favor? Would I allow her—might she buy it of me?

"Oh, madame, of course. But won't you allow me to make you a present of it?" I stammered as well as I could.

At first she would not accept it on any account. But I persisted in explaining with all the French I could muster, that it would give me such pleasure to make her a present of it.

"Oh, mademoiselle, you are too kind—"

At last it was arranged that I should bring her the doll that afternoon.

After a long search I found the shop. In the window were some note-books and pencils, together with skilfully mended cups and vases.

Madame came out as I rang the bell. She took me by the hand and led me behind the counter into a dark little room at the back, where monsieur was sitting. They had just finished their meal; plates and glasses stood on the table, which was covered with American cloth. I was left alone with the husband for a few moments, while madame cleared the table. And we tried to talk, but did not make much of it—he was not a Parisian, I could hear, but spoke some kind of patois. And for another thing, I didn't quite dare to look at him. He had always had the face of a regular man of the people, yellow from an indoor life, with the skin tightly stretched over the large cheek-bones and the scanty black hair combed over his shining skull. But he had had such cheerful, happy eyes—and now they were the dull, extinguished eyes of a poor man. Yes, a look of poverty had come over Léon's father—it filled the whole of that little back room with a stifling, contagious air of poverty. And I was afraid it would make me cry if I looked at him. Yes—and I felt ashamed to be sitting there with my poor little present, and ashamed of all the things I had been trying to say.

When madame came in I handed her the parcel in silence. But they both got up and shook me by the hand and thanked me. Then madame unpacked the doll from its wrappings. And she cleared a place on the mantelpiece between the clock and the candlesticks and put it there.

We all three sat solemnly regarding the little doll, as she swayed her body, holding up her skirts as if to dance, and nodded to us with the enigmatic, mocking smile on the death-like pallor of her little girlish face.

"Ah," said Madame, "how charming it is! And how fond Léon was of it! Fancy, he climbed up to play with it, though we had forbidden him to touch it when we were not there." She smiled through her tears. "And Léon was such an obedient child."

Monsieur went out into the shop, and madame and I were left sitting at the bare table, gazing at the pale little girl, who nodded and smiled at us. Then

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madame got up, went to the bureau in the corner and brought out a big envelope, which no doubt had been put there ready for me:

"You are so kind, mademoiselle—will you accept this?"

It was a cabinet photograph of Léon—in his velvet blouse with the broad white collar.

I thanked her for the portrait and said it was charming—and so like.

"Yes, we think it's good. It is the last one. We have ordered an enlargement to hang on the wall."—She went back to the bureau and took out a box. It contained all the photographs she had of the child. There were proper photos of Léon as an infant and Léon a little bigger in his best clothes, and there were dark snapshots of Léon and herself and her husband, taken on excursions and at fairs in the little places along the Seine. Meanwhile his mother gave me his history: he had been so sickly as a baby, but had come on wonderfully afterwards—and of course nothing had been spared where he was concerned. They had married rather late and had only had this one. And so they thought they would be able to give their child a good education. They meant him to go to the University—with such brains as Léon's he might have been at least a doctor or a lawyer, if he had lived—and a good, affectionate child he had always been. And now he was dead—oh, *mon Dieu,* how sad it was.—And now she was too old to have another child.—"But—another child—that wouldn't have been my little Léon either."

My own tears dropped on the portraits of the foreign child. When his mother saw this she pressed my hand lightly. And her ceaseless flow of tears ran faster than before. Through the mist that dimmed my eyes I vaguely saw the little white girl, nodding with her mocking smile to us two women strangers, who sat here weeping together.

Monsieur came back with a bottle of white wine and three glasses. He set them down on the glazed table-cover and poured out. We sat drinking the wine and had not much to say. After a while I got up and said good-bye. They both came with me to the shop door and stood there nodding, and I turned and nodded again and again, till I had passed out of the street.

I had promised to send them a card from Norway, and I did so; one of those with a picture of ladies skiing and trees with an extra load of snow. But I don't know whether it reached them, for I had forgotten to ask how they spelt their name and I hadn't made a note of the address, so it was left rather to chance. But the photo of Léon is somewhere in one of my drawers, and now and again I come across it when tidying up. And I look at it for a moment and recall the pale, peevish little boy and his parents' dull look of bereavement and the white nodding doll with her curious smile.

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Justice Moves Like a Fire Brigade

By Jerome Beatty

The courts in Los Angeles, by an astonishing application of common sense, have conquered the interminable delays of ordinary procedure

On one of those well advertised sunny February mornings in Los Angeles in 1931 the corridors and court rooms of the Superior Court Building were packed so tight with people that even the thirty-eight civil judges had difficulty in getting in.

Because of the general lack of system to be found in courts in cities throughout the land, more than one hundred cases had been called for trial at ten o'clock in court rooms prepared to hear only thirty-eight. One hundred cases mean at least 200 lawyers, perhaps 500 witnesses and a regiment of jurors. The confusion was as great as though a theatre with a capacity of 1,000 had sold 3,000 tickets for one performance.

Lawyers, newspapermen and many of the judges, trampled into a state of indignation, panted, "How can such things be?" and somebody nosed around in the records and found that the Superior Court was four years and three months behind in its work.

Usually lawyers and judges in cities are the last ones to become upset over delay in the courts. Judges often take delay as a matter of course, sympathize only casually with suffering litigants, seldom allow a crowded calendar to interfere with a vacation of three months each year and frequently are able to find cause for adjournment at noon when it looks like a good day for fishing or golf. And a great many successful and influential lawyers like slow-moving courts, especially those attorneys who are habitual defendants in damage cases. If you can string a case along two or three years until the plaintiff's witnesses die or move away, or until the plaintiff begins to starve, you can settle a bad case for a very small amount of money. Shrewd lawyers consider such tactics entirely ethical and judges usually aid the conspiracies by inaction in this Land of the Free where the highly praised Constitution promises its citizens "justice and the blessings of liberty."

But for some reason nearly everybody around the Los Angeles Superior Court got mad all at once. People don't get mad in Boston where the courts are four years behind, nor in New York and Brooklyn, two to four years behind, nor in nearly every other city—such as Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Miami and Denver—where it takes a year or two to get a case into court. In most of those cities they deplore the situation, appoint an expen-

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sive commission which works a year and makes a report that promptly is forgotten.

Newspapers demanded action and the Los Angeles public became interested when it turned out that if you were killed tomorrow by a reckless driver your widow wouldn't get a judgment in less than four years. If a man owed you $3,000 and didn't want to pay, he could dodge payment for four years. Preferred domestic relations cases were so far behind that if a husband deserted his family his wife could not get him into court to force him to support his hungry children until from four to six months after he left them.

These were civil cases, brought by decent citizens who deserved quick justice. Had they been criminals they would have been better protected, for our benign legislators have decreed that criminals shall have prompt trials. The legislators could do as much for you and me, but they don't. The political influence of powerful corporation and insurance lawyers, who thrive on delay, usually is too great.

Some of the older judges and conservative members of the Los Angeles Bar Association suggested a commission. The younger judges and the youth of the Bar Association said in effect: "The hell with commissions. Let's act!"

The reactionaries shook their gray heads and said, "But how?"

Said the youngsters: "By putting system into court procedure and by making the judges work harder."

Nobody ever had thought of that before.

So that's what they did in Los Angeles. At the end of the first year the court was eighteen months behind. After two years, six weeks. Today the average case is tried thirty days after the lawyer for the plaintiff asks for trial. The defendant who seeks delay is out of luck. If both attorneys are in a hurry and can show reason for haste they can try their case this afternoon.

Thelma Todd, "the blonde Venus of the screen," quarreled with her husband one February 9, filed suit for divorce on February 23, and on March 2 was a free woman. That's service!

Judge Marshall F. McComb, who has had more to do with speeding justice in Los Angeles than any other man, told me, smiling, "We work so fast on uncontested divorce cases that the movie stars hardly have time to notify the newspaper photographers."

II

The clean-up began when the Superior Court judges elected Judge McComb, one of their colleagues, to boss the job. It was no minor undertaking, for this court is one of the most important in the United States, handling nearly 10,000 cases a year—all city and county probate and divorce actions, and equity cases of more than $2,000.

The gray-beards said that there would have to be new laws but in the State Constitution was discovered a clause which gave the presiding judge authority "to distribute the business of the court among the judges and prescribe the order of business." It had been there since 1879. Nothing more was needed—nothing, that is, but an honest willingness on the part of the judges to work a little harder, to restrain the impulse to please influential lawyers seeking delay and to operate the courts for the prompt benefit of citizens who have been wronged by reckless, careless, dishonest and negligent people.

Judge McComb was thirty-seven

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years old in 1931, when he started running the Superior Court like a high-powered machine. He was the youngest judge ever assigned to the Superior Court in Los Angeles County. His closest co-worker is Judge B. Rey Schauer, three years older and the second youngest. Both are lieutenant-commanders in the United States Naval Reserve and a bit hard-boiled. They have had to be, for not all lawyers and judges have co-operated willingly.

Judge McComb combined the ideas of others with his own and judges now are trying thirty-seven per cent more cases than when he started. They were in the habit of opening court around ten o'clock or ten-thirty, adjourning at almost any old time in the afternoon. Now court opens at nine-thirty sharp and closes at five o'clock with two hours off for lunch.

If you ever have been in court you know that generally all is confusion when business begins. Attorneys plead for postponements and usually get them for almost any reason. On hand are litigants, lawyers and witnesses in more cases than possibly can be tried that day. Perhaps a hundred jurors have been called when only fifteen or twenty will be needed. The time of hundreds of men and women is being utterly wasted, yet the judge insists they all be on hand, whether he needs them or not.

Mrs. Clara Alt, a clubwoman in Chicago, a complaining witness, was called to court thirty times over a period of five years. Each time the case was postponed. Called the thirty-first time, she went, instead, to a reception for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The judge fined Mrs. Alt ten dollars.

In Los Angeles she would have been called only once and at a stated time—nine-thirty or eleven or two or three-thirty—and the case would have started a few minutes after the scheduled hour. Less than two per cent of the cases—as against as high as fifty per cent in some cities—are continued. The plaintiff asks for trial, a date is set and it is tried on that date unless *both* attorneys agree that it should be taken off the calendar, unless an attorney actually is engaged in trial of another case or for some extraordinary reason.

A Los Angeles evangelist was being sued and sent word that she could not appear in court because she was in a state of coma.

"The case goes to trial right now," said the judge.

She miraculously recovered and was in court within an hour.

A system first used in Cleveland regulates the scheduling of cases. Before five o'clock each afternoon a clerk telephones each lawyer who is due in court the next day, asking if he is ready and how much time he will need. Then, like a radio station programme, time is allotted for each case and attorneys are notified where and when to report with clients and witnesses.

When cases run longer than the estimated time, those waiting are shifted to other courts. Fifteen minutes before the end of a case, if he hasn't another ready, each judge must report to the central bureau asking for another one. When a jury goes out, the judge does not take a rest, waiting for the jury's decision. He starts another case.

Lawyers do not know until the evening before trial the name of the judge before whom they will appear. They don't know anything about the jurors. Sly lawyers have no chance to arrange to plead their case before a favorite judge or friendly jurors.

In many cities each judge calls his

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own jury panel. The Los Angeles Superior Court has a central jury room and jurors are sent to courts as needed and return to the central room as soon as they finish a case or are rejected. Fewer jurors are needed, the time of men and women called for jury duty is conserved and the county saves $2,000 a month in jury fees. Formerly those not actually serving were allowed to go home at four-thirty. Now they remain until five, for judges don't waste a minute and are likely to start a new case at a quarter to five.

In non-jury cases, in which experts have given hours of contradictory testimony and when large sums or important precedents are at stake a judge takes time to digest the evidence. Generally, throughout the country—especially in Federal courts—judges often don't get around to such a decision for six months or more. In Los Angeles a judge must give his decision in ninety days or he can't collect his salary.

The most disagreeable job for judges is in the Domestic Relations Court. Here is found real suffering. Deserted wives and children, often penniless, seek money for support, lawyer's fees and temporary alimony. The courts are filled with crying children, irate wives and sullen husbands. When a wife takes the stand she wants to get a lot of poison off her chest. She pleads with the judge, execrates her husband. Husbands, on the stand, usually are surly. Lawyers add to the confusion in the judge's mind by stretching some facts and concealing others.

Judge Schauer took over the Domestic Relations Court and in two months was deciding cases before the spaghetti the husband threw at the wife had time to dry on the dining-room wall.

Questionnaires did it. Before trial each attorney is required to have his client answer in writing standard questions—income, expenses, state of health, living conditions, number and age of children, etc. Judge Schauer believed the main thing to learn was how much a wife needed and how much a husband could pay and that what the husband said about his wife's red dress was of no immediate consequence.

Some brief testimony is taken to supplement the questionnaires. The Domestic Relations trials are not so spicy, and wives may be a little disgruntled because their plans to skin their husbands alive, oratorically, are frustrated, but deserted families get quick relief.

III

Some judges have groaned because they have been deprived of what they thought was their inalienable right to run their court rooms as they pleased. Lawyers have protested they do not have time enough to prepare cases. Some of them, denied continuances they thought they should have had, got a bill through the legislature making it mandatory that a judge grant a continuance if the attorney filed a stipulation that it was necessary. It looked as if the system would be wrecked and lawyers permitted to delay cases forever, but Judge McComb promptly ruled the act unconstitutional and justice continued to move like a fire brigade.

Lawrence L. Larrabee, former president of the Los Angeles City and County Bar Association, told me: "In comparatively few instances the calendar system works undeserved hardships on counsel. However, cumulating experience is disclosing methods of avoiding objectionable features without impairing its efficiency and the plan has

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the approval of practically all lawyers and judges."

Two years ago the Superior Court in Long Beach, California, was five months behind. Five months would be considered fast justice in ninety-nine cities out of a hundred. Judge Schauer was sent from Los Angeles to crack the whip and in seven weeks trials were under way within twenty-five days, which was found to be too quick, so they eased up a little. Judges have found that litigants should wait at least a month before going to trial—in order to cool off.

I picked cases at random from the records in the Los Angeles Superior Court.

A school teacher whose savings were invested in a small grocery business gave a post-dated cheque to a grocery concern. He said that they promised to hold it until a certain date when he would have money in the bank. They put the cheque through immediately, the bank refused payment and the company had him arrested and he was in jail seven days before he obtained bail. He asserted that as a result he was discharged by the Board of Education, his small business failed, his friends quit him and he couldn't get work. He sued for malicious prosecution.

In such cities as Boston, New York or Chicago it would have taken him so many months to vindicate himself that his life would have been ruined. A month and two days after his attorney asked for trial a jury awarded him a judgment of $18,000.

A West Coast agent for a brand of golf clubs found another representative working his territory. Thirty-nine days after he asked for trial a court awarded him $458.56 for services rendered and for damages. A minor matter, perhaps, but not to the man who brought suit. In Brooklyn he would have waited at least four years for a decision.

A widow found herself unable to collect from an insurance company $3,000 she believed due her upon the death of her husband. She was ill and with no means of support. In most cities she would have been forced to take whatever the company wanted to pay, for she was financially unable to carry a suit through the courts for years. In Los Angeles, through a court decision, she had her $3,000 in forty-four days.

Some cases are not decided for two months, a few take longer for various reasons, but extinct is the plaintiff who can not get quick justice if he and his attorney so desire. The system does not bother its head when both sides want delay; it is concerned primarily with clearing the way for people like you and me when we have a just cause and deserve immediate relief. Other courts say guilty defendants must be tried and forced to pay for their sins, but they don't say when. A year or even five years from today will do. The Los Angeles Superior Court says, "Do it next month!"

Ewell D. Moore, a prominent Los Angeles attorney, writing in the *Los Angeles Bar Bulletin*, said: "There is no delayed justice in Los Angeles trial courts. That which has been done here of course can be accomplished in other jurisdictions with the coöperation of judges and lawyers."

How to get that coöperation? Through a volcanic upheaval of public opinion. What happened in Los Angeles will happen in your city only when everybody, as everybody did in Los Angeles, gets mad at once.

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The New Ordeal

By Freeman Tilden

If the foundation of civilization is contract, as Mr. Tilden believes, then the world is really facing one of its major crises

The gods, turned surly, seem bent upon the destruction of mankind. If the indications are trustworthy, the method employed is the ancient favorite: that of first making men mad.

Hercules, always hated by his father's wife, was driven witless by Hera, and in his frenzy killed his own children. Insane man naturally attacks that which is most precious to him, the fruits of his own toil and virility and aspiration. Hence we should not be surprised that the present and mounting folly of a crazed world should be directed chiefly against the very foundation of man's existence as a social creature, that chart from which he derives the greater part of his strength, and all his power of organization. This foundation is contract.

Wholly shorn of his belief in the validity of the promises of his fellows, civilized man necessarily would revert to what we may suppose was his original posture: solitary, lurking, apprehensive and predatory. The transition to this former state would not be abrupt, but once definitely accepted, it would follow an ever descending curve. Within recorded history this decline has several times been narrowly avoided, and then only by the intelligence and heroism of the few, resisting the mania of the many. For the annihilation of former civilizations, whose existence is indicated by a few broken but significant remnants, it is adequate to offer the simple explanation that covenants became generally repudiated. That would be enough.

"If you do not know," said Demosthenes, when defending a wealthy banker in an Athenian lawsuit, "that confidence is the principal asset of a business man, you do not know anything." Demosthenes was quite modern. He leaped a number of millenniums, with their painful struggle toward the development of contract, when he submitted this statement to the jury. He might correctly have said, "If you do not know, men of Athens, that confidence is the thing which makes it possible for this city, and the court of justice, and you unarmed men, to exist—you do not know anything." Manifestly, this is the truth of it. The day when the first Troglodytes agreed upon the giving and receiving of a promise was the day upon which civilization was conceived; and the day when that

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promise was fulfilled, however grudgingly, was the day when civilization was born. It remained for a superior race to clothe the naked pact with an obligation that could give the promise the sanction of law; but the essence of the social structure was in the discovery that two men acting together by agreement were better off than two men acting as individuals.

The greater part of mankind is incorrigibly hopeful of getting something for nothing, in spite of all the evidence that this way of life is illusory. So, most human beings can imagine no activity more delightful than gambling, and particularly that form of gambling which consists in the attempt to outwit their fellows in exchange of goods and services. The lawyers of Justinian recognized this frailty when, in their wise and orderly codification of the rules of contract, they came to the final and personal touch. At this point they threw up their hands and said, "*In pretio emptionis et venditionis naturaliter licet contrahentibus se circumvenire*," and let it go at that. "In buying and selling, a little overreaching is expected in the matter of price." There is something in the horse-trade that defies legal boundary.

In the face of this weakness, we may imagine that the earliest consent to live aggregated by contract was one given with reluctance, and with many misgivings that a good deal of fun was going to be missed. Only the whip of necessity brought men to that gloomy sobriety in which a promise was to be binding, and the dancing of today must be put aside in the hope of freer fiddling of tomorrow. It is no wonder, then, that at certain times, and indeed at pretty regular intervals, corresponding with the greater cycles of abundance and adversity (the shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves periods of the race), the basic social contract, which is the sanctity of promises, comes into renewed hazard.

II

No person of composed mind and of any acquaintance with the past can fail to observe that civilization has arrived at one more of its recurrent tests, in which the tensile strength of the chain that keeps individuals from being redispersed into barbarism is exactly determined by the weight of repudiated promises it can bear. This chain is truly the *vinculum juris* of the Romans, on a much vaster scale than those words implied. Not only individuals, but partnerships and companies, lesser and greater units of government, are busily engaged in tampering with this bond of contractual confidence with the purpose of effecting specific reliefs, without entailing a general collapse. For in the latter case there would be no benefit.

When we remember that the vital principle of the contract inheres in the intelligently directed selfishness of man, which encouraged him to put aside the immediate interest for the distant but greater good, the naïveté of responsible persons who believe they can steal any lasting advantage becomes almost pathetic. They are in the case of those who spend their last moments on a sinking ship in looting the merchandise of the cargo, forgetting that when they have plundered they have no place to go, and no chance of enjoying the fruits of their unsocial act. If you default, then I default, whereupon we all default; try to take a profit from that!

Of course, wherever there are contracts there are violations; this must be so until perfection arrives. The repudiation of any specific covenant is of slight

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importance. The habitual felon is not necessarily a person of feeble intelligence. Neither is he who refuses to contract, or, having contracted, has done so with the deliberate intent to defraud. In both instances, a powerful egotism may inform the delinquent that he will be better off by subscribing to no social order; that by skirmishing on the fringe of the compliant majority, he can pick up a richer living than they. The law provides penalties for these nonjurors when they can be laid by the heels. It was only in the earliest experimental period that the principle of contract was menaced by such dissenters.

It is when repudiation ceases to be casual, and becomes the subject of a new theory of conduct based upon it, on the plea of moral or economic progress, that the principle is in danger. We then find enrolled along the attacking force not merely the unenlightened, the lone wolves, the discontented, the impoverished and the demagogues, but a new and far more dangerous class of innovators, recruited from that part of society which, having risen highest, has farthest to fall. The greatest assaults upon civilized society are always led by those who, possessing wealth without habituation, or knowledge without understanding, or sentiment without proportion, and above all vanity without curb, are always for marching upon some radical expedition, under the colors of high moral purpose.

Truly, the precious husbandry of the world is always necessary to be fenced from that horde upon whom the processes of education can be lavished without the slightest visible effect. They are pressing ever at the gate, ready to swarm through and trample what they can not devour. But, upon examination, it will be found that when the bars are let down, it is by certain beneficiaries of conservation sometimes animated by misdirected benevolence; oftener by restlessness, a love of dramatic novelty or the malice that springs from incapacity.

In the region of politics, such a man was Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who chose soft boudoirs, but praised the rugged savage life; who had no effective morals, but luxuriated in moral theory; who was impotent in friendship toward men, but reeked with a doctrine of brotherhood. A sufficient number of Rousseaus, of Rousseau-cules, can be heard and seen in the political and economic scene of the moment. But whereas Jean-Jacques was an inspired lunatic and a consummate artist, these contemporaries are neither artists nor inspired. They are simply busy and windy. Yet the times are propitious for Cleons. Our hardships are heavy; and even heavier is the disappointment of those hopes of perpetual prosperity, raised in a period when promissory notes were mistaken for cash.

III

So, with such provocation and under such leadership, we see powerful forces being brought to bear to contrive a nullification of pledges of faith unfortunately, unwisely or flippantly made: sophisms multiply; and there is vague idealism, supposed to spring from generosity of spirit or political need, about "the greatest good of the greatest number," as though that excellent condition had been waiting thousands of years for the present generation to discover. And since the majority of modern contracts take the form of an indebtedness, in goods, services or money, it follows that the conflict will appear to have creditors ranged upon

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one side, and debtors upon the other.

I say, it appears, for the truth is not there: in any engagement between those who do and those who do not actively support the strict observance of contracts, the battle is really between the forces of civilization and disintegration. But since it is not possible for many minds to encompass an abstract idea, much less to weep about one; and since it is possible for every one to sympathize with a distressed debtor, and to hate a prosperous and persistent creditor, the simple device of political dramaturgy is to place in scene two interesting antagonists: the man who received and can not pay, or would rather not pay; and the man who gave, and is disposed to enforce the covenant. In such a presentation, rash sentiment does not fail to perceive who is the hero, and who the villain, for two passions work simultaneously: first, the feeling of sympathy for the under-dog; second, the inextinguishable envy that delights in seeing wealth and pride toppled. This fallacy and these blind emotions are, however, not so mischievous in themselves; they are only what had originally to be overcome in the development of justice, and what justice must be prepared coolly but understandingly to ignore.

The real danger and the emergency derive from the fact that the resistance of law to the same fallacies is surely breaking down. Daily it becomes more apparent that the courts are no longer scrutinizing the contract with a view of deciding what was the intent—and when the statements are cloudy, or the agreement proper in spirit but irregular in detail, exercising the function of equity—but of applying a large programme of interpretation which has to do with the consequences of performance. This, so far as the principle of contract is concerned, is fatal, for decisions rendered on that basis can reflect merely the limited reasoning of a judge, or a group of judges, as to the merits of a transitory condition, or perhaps partisan polity. The man in the street can do that, perhaps with as much keenness as any other guesser.

We hear something, at least among readers of Plutarch, of the salutary *seisacthea*, or burden-lifting, decreed by Solon when he was called to rescue the tottering Athenian city-state. By his decrees, Solon "made a pound, which before passed for seventy-three drachmas, go for a hundred, which proved a considerable benefit to those that were to discharge debts," and made other social changes, presumably affecting existing contracts. It should be noted, however, that he did these things, if he did them at all (for Plutarch, though the most honorable of biographers, wrote seven centuries after Solon was born), as Dictator, in a state of alarm when constitutional guarantees were suspended. The principle of contract is not endangered by being wholly stayed, while extra-legal powers supersede it. The Roman Senate, as a legislative body, did not cease to exist because some tyrant dispersed it, but only when, unhampered by major force, it failed to exert its normal functions, or betrayed the idea by which it had being. And this is quite aside from the question whether the employment of dictatorial power ever cures those social disabilities and inequalities which are offered as its apology. In a verse quoted by Plutarch and credited to Solon himself, the lawgiver states in his own honor that—

> The mortgage-stones that covered her [Athens]
> Removed,—the land that was a slave is free.

But the mortgage-stones reappeared

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many times in the course of the next centuries. Glotz says that agrarian pauperism was always the cancer of Greece, and that when she went down in a whirlwind, "her last defenders fell with promises of sharing land and abolishing debts, on their lips." If the repudiation of contract, including the remission or lightening of debts contrary to the bond, were the open-sesame to perfect justice and prosperity, the gods would have come down from Olympus and joined the human race long ago. The experiment is not novel.

Neither is there anything new about the abrogations by which governments cheat their own subjects, or swindle each other. Almost as soon as there was coinage there was coin-clipping and coin-sweating; degradation of the standard of value; surcharging; and as soon as the use of paper symbols came into wide employment, the emission of unredeemable inflation money. Dionysius of Syracuse ordered his creditors to present themselves with all their coin, and then doubled its purchasing power by means of an over-stamp, thus not only wiping out his government debt, but putting himself handsomely in pocket. At least the half of all economic history is concerned with the tragi-comedy of governments getting into debt by extravagance and trying to get out by fraud. A good deal of the other half is concerned with individuals attempting to do the same thing. But governments have the advantage over individuals in this respect, since they are immune from the police power, because they control it. Indeed, it is axiomatic that if the commercial morality of the individual were as low as that of his government, no government could exist.

IV

What concerns us now, however, is not repudiation in specific instances, whether of government or the individual, but of the attitude toward repudiation, as expressed by those whose position, training and intelligence are of considerable moment. While there is yet no blunt statement from high sources that an obligor is to receive special favor if his net fortune prove, on examination, to be inferior to that of his creditor; yet we have clearly arrived at the stage when, regardless of the intent of the obligation, if the debtor suffers a loss, the creditor is to be considered a partner in the borrower's enterprise; though, if the borrower prospers, the creditor simply gets his money back, with interest. There is a romantic persuasion that bankruptcies should be avoided by such means, though common sense would say that an honest bankruptcy is preferable to a stolen solvency.

Of course, the leading spirits in the assault upon the contract principle are governments. Whatever specious excuses are given by a government for the repudiation of its promises, either to its own subjects or to others, there is never more than one real reason: that it wants more money to spend as it prefers to spend it. As all governments are liberal promisors, their first thoughts, when more money is needed, and there is a fear of alienating support by taxation or direct expropriation, fly to the devising of some means of invalidating their obligations, and setting up a construction more to their liking.[1] Fortu-

[1] In this statement no account can be taken of a debasement of monetary standard which arises from the *curiosity* of a ruler, or his desire to furnish one of his favorites with a sphere

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nately for needy governments, a great part of their subjects are also in debt, and would also like to be relieved. Therefore what the government desires, and what would at the same time be popular, happily coincide, and the next thing is to declare that a crisis exists. This is taking high ground, precluding the charge that there is any immoral or illegal purpose of fleecing the creditor class. Whether he likes it or not, the creditor is going to be protected against his own base instincts, among them the craving to have his contract fulfilled.

Having declared that a crisis exists, which is not hard to do, since governments are generally so clumsy and expensive that a crisis is always within call, all that remains is to alter the standard of value in some artificial manner; and there are a number of ways of doing so. This step, of course, brings all existing contracts that involve money payments into confusion. The unfortunate consequences in respect of these contracts could be avoided by enacting, along with the legislation altering the standard, that preceding obligations should be made good according to the maxim "*valor monetæ considerandus atque inspiciendus est, a tempore contractus, non autem a tempore solutionis*," which is to say, not according to the new value, but according to that which existed when the contract was made. Curiously enough, this maxim was acted upon by several of the kings of France during the Middle Ages—a period greatly despised by moderns.

But, even if there were no political reasons against this course, it would be unthinkable to a modern government, for the reason that it has its own obligations so clearly in mind. If its act were not to have the final result of assessing the difference to the creditor, the legislation might just as well not have been passed, and the crisis was cried up for nothing. Of course, the government is even now not in the happiest position, for its expenses increase in exactly the ratio of the degradation of the standard; but this can be met by a further degradation, and that by another, and so on until that day arrives so well suggested by Montesquieu when he said:

"The State may be a creditor to infinity but it can only be a debtor to a certain degree, and when it surpasses that, the title of creditor vanishes."

Meantime, the spirit of default naturally filters down through the body politic. And truly, it is hard for the humble individual to see why, if a government can elude its obligations, or set the stage for a general default based upon one particular kind of contract, it is not equally in order for him to repudiate his promise, however and wherever made.

Yet in so far as he is a reflective man, who knows the story of the rise of civilized man from the cave, he will not readily lend his aid to destroy that which secures to him all the rights (and

field for laboratory experimentation. I know of only two such cases in history: one being the Roman Emperor Gallienus, son of Valerian. Gibbon paints an interesting portrait of this dilettante in supreme power. He had personal magnetism, was a fluent orator, a writer of elegant verses, a skilful gardener and excellent cook. At a time when the finances of the state were at an alarming point, Gallienus held long conversations with the philosopher Plotinus, concerning subsistence settlements, to be modeled after Plato's communistic theories. He promised Plotinus a large tract of land to try the social experiment, but it came to nothing, because the emperor was soon enthralled with a new idea. This virtuosity and intellectual curiosity did not contribute much toward Roman prosperity.

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responsibilities) he possesses. The original principles of right, as seen by Grotius, are confined to a small compass. They require only:

(1) Abstaining from what belongs to another.

(2) Making a compensation for the advantages derived from the use and possession of another's property.

(3) Fulfilling the promises we have given.

(4) Making reparation for the injury we have done.

(5) Submitting to punishment for the offenses we have committed.

These are in fact the rules of civilization; but I submit that four of these are dependent upon the one named third; all the rest must derive their force from the belief that promises will be fulfilled.

And as no person can be an actively good citizen of a state who is ignorant of the beginnings and adversities and struggles and halting endeavors, by which the unity of that state was brought into being, so it is important to the intelligent performance of promises not to regard it as primarily a moral issue, though years of custom have endowed it with that secondary merit, but to realize the centuries of trial and check, the study of which led to the conclusion of Sir Henry J. S. Maine that "the positive duty resulting from one man's reliance on the word of another is among the slowest conquests of advancing civilization."

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Grand Opera Goes to Hollywood

By William E. Berchtold

As the next "colossal" development in motion pictures, American audiences have in prospect the incalculable experience of seeing grand opera on the screen

Few countries have so many "Opera Houses" and so little opera as the United States. This is one of the curiosities of the American scene: almost every city, town, village and hamlet has a structure which flaunts the name "Opera House"—usually with a brace of rococo cherubs and the masks of tragedy and comedy to lend a musty air of authenticity—yet few of these have ever housed an opera. Most of them have passed through a metamorphosis that transformed them from assemblies for town entertainments to the annual scene of the Elks' Minstrel Show and the recurring performance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, until the motion picture finally claimed them for the unending grind of second run pictures. Now Hollywood seems about to rededicate them to their long forgotten original purpose, for all of the major studios are concerning themselves with the problems of bringing grand opera to the screen.

Grace Moore's *One Night of Love* is the immediate cause of the activity. Her phenomenal success at the box-office has made a deep impression on the Hollywood mind, a mind that reacts most quickly to stimuli which can be interpreted in terms of the dollar sign. Columbia Pictures demonstrated that a box-office success could be built on a flimsy original play starring an opera singer whose first appearance in pictures, at another studio, had failed to score financially. It was the skilful adaptation of the play for the screen by S. K. Lauren, the excellent direction of Victor Schertzinger and the unusually fine recording of Miss Moore's voice—probably the best achieved since the advent of talking pictures—which transformed *One Night of Love* into a box-office hit big enough to gross $204,000 during its two-week première at New York's Radio City Music Hall.

The success of Miss Moore's picture forecasts a "cycle" of motion pictures based on stories which afford an opportunity to string a series of arias on the thread of a back-stage plot. It is fairly safe to say that 1935 will see no less than twelve pictures based on the *One Night of Love* formula, which in itself is not new. Those studios which have shown an interest in operatic material have been flooded with scenarios which incorporate snatches of opera. The search for operatic stars who screen well is being pressed zealously by some of the

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studios, Nino Martini of the Metropolitan being one of the most recent additions to the Hollywood rolls. Another Metropolitan star, Queena Mario, has capitalized on the interest in operatic stories by selling the screen rights to her recent mystery novel, *Murder in the Opera House*. The book utilizes the back-stage atmosphere of the Metropolitan and includes several well-known Metropolitan personalities in its characterizations.

When the Hollywood scenario departments get around to linking the current interest in opera with the recent run on the biographical theme (*House of Rothschild*, *The Mighty Barnum*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *Catherine the Great*, *Cleopatra*, etc.), we may expect a series of film stories based on the lives of some of the great opera stars of the past as well as the most picturesque of the impresarios. This may offer a new field for the talents of stars of yesteryear such as Geraldine Farrar, who now entertains the radio audience with nostalgic bits of back-stage experience in the classic days of Melba, Calvé, Lilli Lehmann, Jean de Reszke and Enrico Caruso. It is only a short step from interpreting the opera to the public as *raconteuse* for this season's series of Metropolitan broadcasts to interpreting the golden days of the opera to Hollywood's barons of celluloid. The latter might prove a more trying, although more lucrative, experience for any one who attempts it.

Curiously enough, the producers are faced with a dearth of really worthwhile operatic material to turn out even the dozen pictures contemplated for this year, for there are not more than a score of really popular arias from the hundreds of operas which have been written in Italian, French, German, Russian and English. While music lovers acquainted with the operatic scores would be apt to disagree with such a limitation on the list, the rank and file of the audience which supports motion pictures might even cut this number down. The high spots from five operas were built into *One Night of Love* alone; *Enter Madame* contains excerpts from four more, so the short list will soon be exhausted and repetition made necessary. Though many of the best known operas are not protected by copyright, most of the performing rights are controlled by an Italian publishing house, so the competition to tie up the various film rights has been sharpened.

II

The possibilities of filming grand opera have long intrigued a number of Hollywood producers. Even in the days of the silent films, when the producer's medium for expression was limited solely to shadowland, grand opera cast a hypnotic spell sufficient to convince many a producer that it could be filmed, an illusion which vanished with the appearance of the first line of red ink figures. *Carmen* was filmed three times as a silent feature between 1915 and 1928, giving the now extinct gum-chewing piano player of the cinema an opportunity to display his talents on snatches from the opera score, with uniformly murderous results. Not even the lukewarm reception accorded the silent *Carmen*, which naturally was limited to the opera's dramatic story, was sufficient to dissuade one independent producer from bringing out a talking and singing version of the opera in 1932. It was little more successful than its mute predecessors. Probably the only opera which lent itself to portrayal on the silent screen was *La Mutte de Portici*

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(The Dumb Girl of Portici), which has as its leading character a girl whose medium of expression is the dance rather than the voice. When Carl Laemmle discovered this back in 1915, he could not resist the temptation to make it for the screen. Max Rabinoff, now the managing director of the current experiments in opera for the masses at New York's Hippodrome, was then offering *La Mutte de Portici* with Anna Pavlowa in the leading rôle at the Manhattan Opera House in New York. Rabinoff owned three music stores in Chicago when Laemmle was still distributing his own window cards announcing coming attractions at the "flicker" theatre which he had opened as the first step in his rise from small-time clothing merchant to entrepreneur in the amusement field. Laemmle would bring his window cards into Rabinoff's music shops and ask him to display the cards, assuring him that he could see the "pikchas" any time without charge. Now Laemmle, the rising movie magnate of 1915, begged Rabinoff to let him film Pavlowa in *La Mutte de Portici*. Rabinoff's insistence that the opera on the screen would "flop" did not dissuade Laemmle, who offered $50,000 to the impresario if he would consent. Laemmle assured Rabinoff that he knew nothing about the "pikcha bizness," the deal was arranged, the opera filmed and the public treated houses where it was shown as if they had been visited by a plague. Other more recent attempts to adapt operas to the screen during the last twenty years have met with only somewhat milder treatment at the hands of the movie-going public.

But the producers are again in the mood to say that the public is about ready for opera—not only operatic dramas, but grand opera—in the motion pictures. There are signs to document their thesis. The size of the audiences listening to operatic presentations over the radio, varying from the full length Metropolitan broadcasts on Saturday afternoons to the highly dramatized pocket-edition operas on Sunday evenings, has become increasingly large. Opera companies have sprung up like mushrooms during the depression years and, while many have perished as quickly, even the failures have served to indicate a public interest in grand opera which can be crushed only by the intolerably bad opera which most of the repertory companies have offered. If Hollywood could bring the finest stars of grand opera to the screen with competent direction and able musical organizations to support them, wouldn't the public, which has been given a taste of opera through the radio, the phonograph recording and the touring repertory company, welcome opera on the screen? That is the question framed by many a Hollywood producer, but all realize that the answer must be conditioned upon a host of considerations which involve them in some of the most complex technical and artistic problems ever linked to a screen production.

The tyranny of studio economics does not make possible the filming of material, no matter how great may be its artistic success, unless a large portion of the tens of millions of Americans who go to the movies each week will accept it quickly. It is little wonder then that the executives who hold the Hollywood purse strings have been hesitant and cautious over bringing opera to the screen, with economic headaches to be added to those technical and artistic ones which must be expected in tackling this new field. The

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first producer who can discover a successful method of adapting opera for motion pictures will be hailed as one of the outstanding pioneers of the business, but the chances for martyrdom on the path to that first successful picture are more alarming than inviting.

It is quite natural that the motion picture producer should think of grand opera for the screen in terms of the standard repertory operas which have gained some popularity in the United States. But the list of operas even fairly well known to the public can not be extended beyond a score: *Carmen*, *Aïda*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Rigoletto*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *I Pagliacci*, *La Bohême*, *Faust*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Tosca*, *Martha*, *Girl of the Golden West*, *Manon*, *Tales of Hoffman*, *Otello* and *Lohengrin*. Which means that even if the public should accept suddenly a new technique for filming the old "war horses" of the repertory group, the producers would be at the end of their rope when the first twenty productions had been turned out and public interest was at its greatest height. It might be argued that if these twenty productions were staged with the finest stars, most superb settings and a superlative musical organization ("colossal" in the fullest Hollywood sense of the word), they would live for many years and pour an unending stream of gold into the Hollywood coffers. Such has not been the past experience of the motion picture industry, however, even with its most lavish and most highly successful productions.

III

One of the first tormenting questions to arise is: should the operas be produced in English? It is difficult to conceive of the masses who go to the motion picture theatre accepting anything which is staged wholly in a foreign tongue, whether it is Italian or French or German or Russian. Even the most superb products of studios abroad done in foreign languages, and aided by English titles, have not gained favor with American audiences outside the highly cosmopolitan cities. Similarly, the linguistic limitations of Americans have dictated the early translation of important books in foreign tongues into English, if their sales are to amount to anything. It might be logical to assume that the American public will insist upon its opera in English, too. Yet, curiously enough, that section of the American public which has shown sufficient interest in grand opera to constitute a nucleus for its extension through the propaganda of word-of-mouth recommendation has insisted that the foreign languages be kept. Performances given in English of standard Italian, French or German operas have met almost uniformly with failure. Many artists who have advocated the singing of operas in English insist that the trouble is not with the notion of performing the English versions, but with the stilted translations which have been foisted on the public in the past.

"This is the only country," John Charles Thomas said following his performance in the English pocket-size radio version of *Rigoletto* in December, "which seems to have the idea that opera is not opera unless its libretto is unintelligible to the audience. For my part I think the average person would be much more interested in going to the opera if he knew what it was all about. English is just as effective a language in which to sing as any other—not so soft perhaps as Italian, but none the less

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capable of beauty and romantic effect. Of course, opera in English necessitates presentation by artists who are completely familiar with the English language. This would afford more opportunity for American artists to appear in opera."

If grand opera on the screen is limited to English, the problems of casting will be more difficult, for—although American artists would be aided in their ambitions—most of the stars best known to the opera-going public, both past and present, can not sing well in English. It does not bother the American opera-goer to listen to a Polish star sing an Italian opera, adapted from the French, with a German accent, because his attention is centred on the musical effects produced without being troubled by a knowledge of foreign languages. But it is not likely that the American movie-goer would be tolerant of English opera sung with an Italian or French accent, unless that accent could be used to portray better the character.

The religious zeal of those who insist upon opera in foreign languages was reflected to the height of absurdity last year when the Radio City Music Hall in New York, seeking to reach the great unwashed masses with a worthwhile operatic performance, staged a really fine one-hour version of *Madame Butterfly*, but in Italian. It must have been a little difficult for the cinema-fan, waiting to see his favorite screen star after the business of the stage performance was out of the way, to adjust himself to an unmistakably Oriental story, in an unmistakably Japanese setting (Fujiyama rose the full height of the huge stage in the background), with actors dressed as Orientals, singing in Italian. There might have been some excuse for the use of Italian if the singers were unfamiliar with English, but the four principals were well equipped to sing in English, and the opera might just as well have been sung in the language of its listeners. A potent added reason could be found in the fact that *Madame Butterfly* is one of the operas which has proved itself many times in its standard English version. The use of Italian in the Music Hall could be considered little more than a hangover from the traditional affectation which has kept opera in America the property of a small—although diamond-studded—circle.

That performance of *Madame Butterfly* in the Music Hall was significant, however, not only as an indication of the growing forces of propaganda for opera as entertainment for the masses, but also as a demonstration of what can be done with a standard repertory opera within the limits of a one-hour performance. It came close to the time limits imposed by a cinema presentation, usually from sixty to one hundred minutes. The Long-Belasco story was clear and effective, even with the excisions which brought the whole production within a single hour's performance. The cuts trimmed away almost all of the first act up to the entrance of Cho-Cho-San, much of the detail of the second act, and various parts of the third. The result was an unusually fast-paced opera, which went steadily from climax to climax. The handicap of presenting it to an audience untutored in opera was overcome largely by the well planned description of the action in non-technical language afforded the audience by Leonard Leibling before the show started.

Those who think of grand opera in terms of adapting it for mass consumption, either on the screen or on the

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radio, can not resist the notion that the dramatic effects of the opera should be stepped up and emphasized. The thought that dialogue should be substituted for the recitative (that semi-musical speech peculiar to grand opera) also persists. Deems Taylor, noted composer, critic and commentator in his own right, has insisted upon this emphasis upon the dramatic and upon dialogue in the one-hour popular English versions of grand opera which he has prepared for the current series of Sunday night broadcasts, sponsored on the radio by a coffee maker. Mr. Taylor's passion for the story as a major consideration in opera extends back, at least, to the first year in which he went on the air as narrator with the Metropolitan. In those early Metropolitan broadcasts, he talked all of the time, describing the action which was taking place on the stage, and the broadcasting company was flooded with requests that he desist. When the Metropolitan broadcasts were commercialized a year ago, with a cigarette manufacturer as sponsor, the singers were once more permitted to sing without any annoying interruption from even so admirable a narrator as Mr. Taylor, all of the explanations being discreetly sandwiched between the acts. The current series of Metropolitan broadcasts on Saturday afternoons for a period of fourteen weeks follow this happier solution to the problem. But Mr. Taylor's Sunday night operas of one-hour duration are no more than a series of arias strung together on bits of dialogue; at least, the first ones in the series—Verdi's *Rigoletto,* Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* and Verdi's *Aïda*—were of this character. Opera is chiefly a musical experience, and if the flow of music is interrupted by the intrusion of such wild melodrama as Mr. Taylor saw fit to include in his dialogue version of *Rigoletto,* for instance, the effects are bewildering. The music and dialogue seemed totally unrelated, so that the melodramatic dialogue invariably destroyed the mood left by the music and the arias. The result has been neither acting nor singing, neither opera nor drama. Most of the operas are afflicted with rambling, hackneyed, silly librettos that are childish from a theatrical standpoint. The climaxes in grand opera are not dramatic climaxes; they are musical climaxes. This fact, apparently unrecognized by those responsible for adapting opera for radio or the screen thus far, has doomed both the popular radio opera and the motion picture based on an opera story to almost certain failure. If Hollywood succeeds in jumping this hurdle in its adaptation of grand opera to the screen, it will have sprinted half-way up the path toward success.

IV

Opera lovers of the traditional school may shudder a bit, and justifiably so, at the thought of letting grand opera get into the hands of those Hollywood barons of celluloid who are now mumbling to themselves about "the possibilities of op'ra in moom pitchers." Almost anything can happen. If certain of the repertory operas are attacked for film adaptation, it is quite likely that they will be endowed with herds of elephants and other time-honored properties of the Hollywood spectacle.

It will be difficult for Hollywood to resist the temptation of using color in its grand opera presentations, and color might well be used if it continues to develop beyond the dubious experiments of the past. When Warner Brothers first entered the realm of musical come-

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dies for the screen, full color was used with such notoriously bad results that the studio's more recent successes have been held to black and white. Even the more recent pictures in which color has been used only for special "shots" in otherwise black and white films—such as the scene of Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro in M-G-M's *The Cat and the Fiddle*—have left much to be desired. Color was used with only fair success to give the illusion of fantasy during the concluding sequences of Samuel Goldwyn's *Kid Millions*. I watched the shooting of some of those sequences, which cost Mr. Goldwyn $200,000 for the last six minutes of the production as it reached the screen, and felt at the time that the color fantasy, portraying Eddie Cantor's extravagant dream, would never look as if it cost that much when the cash customers finally saw it in their local theatres. It was a justifiable use of color, but when I saw the production on Broadway and told friends what the studio claimed it had cost, they could not believe other than that Mr. Goldwyn had had the dream instead of Mr. Cantor, a rather costly rarebit nightmare. John Hay Whitney and a group of associates from RKO Pictures have interested themselves in the problems of color, and with rather promising results. Their experimental short, *La Cucaracha*, utilized a new three-color component process with striking effect. Mr. Whitney has been encouraged sufficiently to plan production of seven feature-length pictures under his own banner within the next four years at a total cost of about $7,000,000. The first will be *Becky Sharp* for 1935 release. If this process is continuously developed, it is quite likely that grand opera—which lends itself in some ways to colorful costuming and settings—will reach the screen sooner or later in full color. Color, if used properly, can aid in giving the illusion of tri-dimensional space, something that has always been difficult to master in the bi-dimensional realm of shadowland.

While it is natural that the producers should consider the list of repertory operas with which the public is familiar, and it is quite likely that some of them will be filmed with fairly high artistic standards, it is doubtful that the standard repertory opera will ever be really successful in motion pictures. The fact that part of the audience is acquainted with these operas in their traditional form and will be apt to resent any tampering with them, will militate against their success on the screen. They offer countless problems to those who must adapt them for a medium whose chief characteristic is that of action and movement. It is none too easy to work out a shooting script for a drama with an operatic background such as *One Night of Love*, which gave the cameras something on which to work during long arias, but it would be far more difficult to give the cameras something for variety of action in the filming of an opera story directly during such arias. Translated into English, many of the best loved arias may irk the motion picture audiences because repetition, which displays the vocal skill of the singer with success on the operatic stage, also slows down the action and may seem somewhat absurd to the drama-trained movie-goer.

The most promising possibilities for the screening of grand opera may develop not in the standard repertory opera, but in new operas written in English which supply action through use of the ballet to interpret moods and

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thoughts expressed by the singers. Some thought has been given to the development of one-act operas which might easily be adapted to the motion picture's form. They would retain the best features of opera, including those characteristics without which it is no longer opera, and still meet the criticism of hackneyed plots, lack of action, and stodginess of production. Such a devotee of opera for the masses as Max Rabinoff, who has staged popular grand opera in Chicago, Boston, Mexico City and New York, has been thinking of the problems concerned with adapting opera for the screen ever since his none too successful venture with Mr. Laemmle and Pavlowa in 1915. He sees little hope in most of the repertory operas, but has concentrated on the one-act operas which might be adapted with movement as well as musical excellence to recommend them as screen operas. Unlike Mr. Rabinoff, most of the impresarios will have nothing to do with the thought of filming opera. Mr. Gatti of the Metropolitan never goes to the cinema, probably shudders at the heretical notion of opera in the movies. Yet it was Mr. Gatti who refused to listen to the pleas of the broadcasting companies a few years ago when opera was first suggested for the radio. He would have none of it until, after the Chicago Civic Opera Company had been on the air for several years, radio technicians finally convinced him four seasons ago that they were capable of faithfully reproducing the opera performances on the air. Even more recently Mr. Gatti has listened to such an unbearable notion as a commercially sponsored opera broadcast, last year for a cigarette and this year for the barons of halitosis. Mr. Gatti has come a long way in a few years and, while he is retiring from the Metropolitan at the end of the current season, he may still be persuaded to see opera in the motion pictures, and possibly like it.

V

Unless the motion pictures are successful in screening opera, its future in America, so far as ever reaching the masses of people are concerned, is problematical. The major opera companies, backed by civic organizations which have subsidized them heavily through subscriptions, have faced deficit after deficit for many years. Samuel Insull's dream of lifting the burden of supporting opera from the shoulders of its guarantors by providing an annual income from office rentals in the $20,000,000 forty-five-story skyscraper which housed the opera has faded with declining rental values. When the edifice which houses the Chicago opera was opened a few years ago, Edward Moore, the Chicago critic, wrote of Mr. Insull as "a dreamer whose dreams come true, a poet who does not write verse, but accomplishes enormous and beautiful things for the betterment of his community and the nation." We can not all be prophets, unfortunately. The Chicago Opera Company, without Mr. Insull, has been struggling through a series of desultory performances this season with a lack of support which has prompted, but hardly merited (according to those who have seen the current offerings by stars whose light has been waning for many years) the pleas of the Mayor of Chicago to the public for support. The economy moves proposed for the Metropolitan Opera Association and the Philharmonic Symphony Society in New York, such as the merger which Arturo Toscanini put his foot upon

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rather solidly, have reflected the state of opera in America's largest and most cosmopolitan city.

Opera in New York at the Metropolitan has been the special province of the wealthy, most of whom look upon it as a showy social activity at which it is more important to be seen than to see. This does not mean that those outside the charmed circle of the diamond-studded horseshoe are not interested in opera. Any one who has attended the performances staged by one of the several companies which have tenanted the Hippodrome during the last two years will attest to the enthusiasm, sometimes rather unbounded enthusiasm, of the audiences there. Those audiences paid from a quarter to ninety-nine cents during the first year and from fifty cents to a dollar and a half during the more recent season. The stars have not been drawn from the Metropolitan, but the audiences have seemed to enjoy the performances none the less for their absence. These audiences, attracted from the masses who patronize the motion pictures regularly, deserve the attention and study of those Hollywood producers who would bring opera to the screen. The Hippodrome is large, so that its 4,000 or more patrons for each of the more popular of the seventeen operas presented during forty-two performances in the fall season were sufficient to pay the somewhat restricted budget of the opera company. Other repertory companies, which have sprung up during the depression in all parts of the country, have not been as successful as those in the Hippodrome, chiefly because their offerings have been of an inferior quality. Public patronage of some of them has been reported as good for the opening series of performances, only to fall off after the audience grew tired of haphazard presentations. The important thing, from the standpoint of the Hollywood producer with an ear to the ground, is that the original interest was there.

Grand opera is at last on its way to the hundreds of "Opera Houses" all over the United States which have never housed an opera since their doors were first opened. Their very existence indicates that a pioneering people, migrating from Europe and once steeped in opera tradition, moved across the mountains and plains of America building first a group of houses, then a general store, a post-office and—as their first pretentious edifice—an opera house. More recent structures have adopted the old name, forgetful of the original hopes which went into the building of the town's first opera house. Now that hope is to be fulfilled. Hollywood's notions of the technique of fulfilment may be a little curious at first, just as the first attempts to film musical comedies were far from happy, but if the failures on the road to success are not too trying for the opera lover to endure, America's audience for opera and the cinema may in the end become one.

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Fish for the Judge

By Benjamin Appel

A Story

One of the junior lawyers in the firm of McRedman and Freed had a kid brother who had a friend who was supposed to know a lot about fishing, and that's how I got the job.

Right away I saw I was going to grin night and day and go screwy at the same time. I was their ghost fish catcher. I did the work, they took the credit and all the pictures, a rod in one hand, my fish in the other. Even that wasn't so bad. I've got plenty of patience. My mother nursed five of us through ten different kinds of kid plagues. My father had to endure our growing up. A heredity of tolerance is bred in me, but when we had to catch fish for the Judge, that was the fish that broke my camel's back. The hell with jobs you can't quit.

It sounded swell in the beginning. Board and keep for the summer at an Adirondack lake, and fifty bucks in cash. Theoretically, my duties were pleasures. No car to drive, no kids to wash, or wood to chop, nothing but to string along with the boys, maybe help row a boat for the exercise. I got plenty of exercise.

They owned about twenty acres of lake frontage. Freed had renovated the original house. McRedman had built himself one of those pioneering log cabins with all the ends showing, low-down and squat to the ground. Daniel Boone would've kept his pigs in it. But they weren't bad guys, only goofy.

After a month, during which time I'd taken at least thirty snapshots of Freed and fish, McRedman and fish, I'd become broken in. Mostly I was quiet. I was thinking of Labor Day. I was reconciled to the dictum that life is a series of mistakes. Then, the Judge sent them a telegram that he was coming out for the week-end and that he was looking ahead to trout, pike and bass.

Right after breakfast, Freed rushed out of his house. Freed in a panic was something to see. He was a fat man in the middle forties, the hip-high boots flapping down his legs like the stockings on a drunken floozie, his belly bursting his green lumber jacket. The hills and forests were on all the horizons and he looked as out of place as a cowboy on Eighth Avenue. "McRedman," he boomed out like one wild moose or pioneer or something to its mate. "C'mon, fishing. The Judge's coming up tomorrow afternoon. We got to get fish for him."

I grinned. I had a hunch this was going to be a good day.

McRedman rushing out was also something to see. He was wiping his

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mouth with his napkin. He wore tan water-proof leggings, a parka that could be used for duck shooting in zero weather, and a red cap that the stablemen wear down in Virginia riding to hounds. "We can't waste all day," he said.

The only casual person on the scene was his wife, standing in the cabin doorway and shouting calmly. "Dinner's at two, Mac. See they get back in time," she said to me.

They stood paralyzed at her decision, two fat men who looked alike, who breathed alike, in one royal fog. I set down the watering pot. "It's fish for the Judge," I said.

She was so calm I could've booted her. "Really. Fish for the Judge." We men were popping with a sort of frenzy. "Oh, go ahead," she said and went inside.

They began to rush up and down, in and out the shanty. Nothing was ever at hand. Spoons, plugs, bass bugs were all tangled together at the bottom of their tackle boxes. They built up a pile of stuff, waders, fly rods, casting rods, nets, minnow buckets, sweaters and raincoats.

"Going to Africa couldn't be more fun," I said. "Are we after lions or fish, Mr. Freed? Mr. Freed, please tell Mrs. Freed you won't be back at two."

He heard me then. "Alice'll tell her." Alice was Mrs. McRedman. He chased in to explain. "The wife's a good sport," he lied a second later.

We listened to Mrs. Freed orate to the Freed heirs. She was personal about all of us.

By this time we were feeling high-strung. I had a hunch Labor Day might never happen. We piled the stuff in the car, the wives and children looking on. The children were well behaved and didn't comment on their daddies. There was no closed season on me. Freed started the car up. We speeded out to meet adventure.

II

When we pulled up to the lake after the long bumping ride over a red dusty road, it was hot and the more you looked at the lake the hotter it got. Our lake was supposed to be fished out. This one was supposed to be good because you loosened all the bolts in your car getting to it. The caretaker came out to us on the pier, a lean leathery native who wasn't built to sweat. McRedman beat Freed to the trolling seat, assembling his rod. I sat in the middle of the boat, figuring the oars and me were going to see places. Freed got into the point. Our tackle and stuff got in wherever it could.

"Fishing's terrible," said the caretaker. "August's bad. But maybe though, I don't think so 'count of the lake working, not much, but working a little, maybe trolling'd do the trick." He spat. "You won't get bass. You won't get lakers."

"We got to get something, John," Freed said. "The Judge's coming up."

"He shouldn't come up in August. You might get a pike. Maybe not even a pike. It's August." He got off his knees from near the minnow tank and handed in a pail of live bait. "Your only chance, today."

"Repeat that," I said. "The boss is set on trolling."

"No, Mr. McRedman. Live bait. Yes, sir."

"We'll troll anyway," said McRedman. "I got a hunch." He cast out a big red and white wobbler. I began to row. It was one of those hot days when you're tired before you start. My back

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ached but I was lucky anyway not to see Freed's face. One of their faces at a time was plenty.

"The Judge's a lover of nature," Freed was saying. "And I've promised him it's a game paradise. He expects berries, maple sugar, farmer's milk and butter. Fresh eggs. Country sausage—"

"We're shopping in the wrong place then," I said.

"Shut up," said Freed. "You don't realize how important pleasing the Judge is."

"The telegram only mentioned fish." McRedman tapped me on the knee. "Imagine, that wild animal's promised him pike, lakers, trout. Promised him a fish store, the aquarium, and in August."

"August's awfully rotten. Lousy rowing."

"You promised fish, too," Freed yelled, agonized. "God's sake, will you row closer to shore? They're feeding off the bushes."

"They're away on their vacations, or sleeping it off, except poor fish like me." I cut over towards shore.

"Who's trolling?" bellowed McRedman. "Get out where it's deeper. In August they hole deep." Just as he was saying deep, the end of his rod seemed drawn to the lake as if by a giant magnet sunk there. He struck the fish, yelling: "Fish for the Judge." Freed stood up in the teetering boat, and the Judge's fish went places.

"Sit down. Sit down," I said, grabbing the net. Freed grabbed it from me.

"Gimme it. Too valuable."

"Give'm back that net," shouted McRedman, horsing the fish in. He used a forty-pound test line and a three-foot wire leader. No fresh water fish in North America could get away from him.

It was a goofy minute, every one hollering, the fish kicking up a foam of green and white near the boat, Freed probing with his net, McRedman leaning back on the curving rod and singing out: "A whopper. A whopper. For God's sake don't lose it. Don't lose it." Freed got the fish in the net, a pike snapping its jaws, threshing its tail, half in and half out the net, and then swooping up right into the middle of everything. As we stared, the slack water from the net splashing into our faces, the pike shook the lure from its mouth, all of us thrilled by the lightning sight of its furious, shaking head, its thick body bouncing on the cross-seat between McRedman and me. We both lunged and the pike dropped back into the lake.

We sat silent like men about to die. I wiped the pike's slime from my fingers. I tried to remember, philosophically, that things like this were always happening to us. Freed tapped me on the shoulder and asked with steaming politeness.

"And why didn't you get out of the way? Why, may I ask? Why? Why? Why?"

"Wanted him to jump in the lake, I suppose," said McRedman. "Why'd you dump the fish into our laps? We got a big boat. Oh, what a fish. What a beauty. What a wonderful little pike. The biggest pike we ever caught."

"You've never played a fish properly in all your life," Freed said. "You horse 'em in. If that fish would've been played to a standstill—"

"I'd like to play you to a standstill with a club. Who told you how to net a fish? Oh, what a beauty. Eight, ten pounds if an inch."

III

On that peaceful lake we sat like men coming out of a drunk. Then, we trolled

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two hours without a strike, the partners alternating in the trolling seat, the one in the point casting in to shore, no one speaking in the heat, the memory of that missed pike swimming in our heads and making us sore at each other. Finally they decided to use the live bait. We rowed into the shadow among the stumps of trees sticking out above the lake, the long trunks of trees shadowy and dreamy in the thick green water.

I wiped my sweating face and hooked the live bait. We had some tiny perch and I used them because they were tougher than the shiners. No one spoke. McRedman got the first strike.

"Let'm run with it," I said. "Remember the Judge." They'd fished all their lives but always forgot what to do. The fish began its second run which meant that it'd fixed the minnie ready for swallowing. McRedman struck and for a second it seemed somebody'd been kidding us.

"You struck too soon," said Freed in a clear definite voice as if he were asking for a conviction.

McRedman cursed, jerked his rod up. A small pickerel was wriggling at the end of his line like a big green worm. He dumped it into the boat.

"That pickerel won't make twelve inches," I said. "He ain't legal." As I reached forward to chuck it back, McRedman stopped me, looking around like a sneak thief.

"Cut'm up for belly," he said. "We can break the law for a Judge. He's due tomorrow. Cut that fish up."

"I'm only the accessory," I said.

They were grinning like fat, mean little brothers. I banged the pickerel on the boat bottom, cut the head and tail off, pulling out the guts with the head, I sliced out the silvery belly. Pickerel belly sometimes did the trick.

When we pulled into the dock around three, we were baked. One fifteen-inch pick lay in the boat.

"August's bad," said the caretaker.

"Take that herring," said McRedman. "No use to us."

"Since I caught it, you don't care what you do with my fish," said Freed. The caretaker got us some lunch. No use fishing until five. The brooks were awful low, trouting was terrible. I felt dog tired. My hands were swollen and I had a new blister on the site of ten old ones. When they agreed on another lake, I had to think fast.

"Why not try the brook between this lake and the next?" I said. "Sometimes that works." They looked doubtful. "You don't have to go. It's an idea, a suggestion."

"You want to get out of rowing," said McRedman.

"No lake's any good now and you know it." I was thinking if there was anything in mental telepathy, those guys would have piped up: "Let's go home." But for mental telepathy to click, they needed brains. "The brook'll be cool. Don't you guys want to try a virgin brook? No one fishes it."

That got them. We pulled on the high boots. At the first pool, Freed thought he had a strike. He tugged at his rod, charging up bank and down bank to get it clear. He was stuck.

"I've told you a hundred times not to cast those heavy wobblers so close inshore," I said.

"I'll have to snap the line." His shoulders were bent, he was sweating.

I laughed out loud. It was funny to see him stuck.

"Swim for it," he yelled. "Go ahead, funny guy. That wobbler cost me a buck and since this brook was your idea, swim."

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McRedman sat down against a tree and gave himself up to laughter like a lecher. They were sweating, sore because there was no fish for the Judge, in a mood for vivisection and murder.

I wondered whether I ought to throw up the job then and there, or not? But a swim wasn't so bad. I undressed fast, piling up pants, boots, boot socks, shorts and shirt. I laughed at them and they went into convulsions about me.

The pool was green and strange. I had a goofy idea that the pool and those two guys, usually pretty square, were among the raw things. Freed had reeled in the slack line. One hand sliding along the line, I submerged. Brown logs on the bottom, the enameled lure fastened to one like some mussel. I shot up to the top for a breather. Freed and McRedman were still paralyzed at the joke, pointing at me, but practically speechless.

The wobbler was in twelve feet of water, I went down and down, everything bright and distorted, pulling it loose, and bobbing up for air. When I climbed up on the bank, Freed was normal again. "I shouldn't have done it," he said, fidgeting. "Strange water."

I looked at him. "You didn't do a thing. I caught that wobbler. If you want to take a picture, take one of me and the wobbler."

"You're crazy," he said, and then he grinned and winked at McRedman. "He is a funny guy."

"It's the company," I said.

IV

We went upstream through a jungle of huge weeds and wild flowers. I slashed a path through the junk with the bayonet, and they stumbled behind me. I got hotter than ever. The sweat soaked through my shirt. Exploring was a lousy racket, I thought. Thousands of orange and yellow flowers hung like tiny cups; the air was jammed full of bees, buzzing and making a nuisance of themselves. Every few minutes they'd cast a clear stretch, hollering to beat the band. The brook was full of huge pickerel. They weren't striking, just swimming after the wobblers. "The Judge would love those fish," cried Freed.

"A virgin brook. Virgin fish," said McRedman.

"Virgin or no virgin," I said, "they won't strike. It rained all last week. Bugs and stuff washed in."

But they were nuttier than ever over their discovery. At the next pool the ground was clear for a few yards. We dropped down and began to drip. Freed was breathing loudly, gabbing of the whoppers in the brook, McRedman raving of virgin waters. When they rested up they got after me.

"You got to do something," they said to me.

I thought I was seeing double, maybe I was soused. But they seemed like one guy to me, with their same fat tummies and scraggy hair, their short legs and blinking eyes.

"Dig worms," said McRedman.

"Worms for the Judge?"

"If the lunkers follow the wobblers, with worms you can catch some minnies, with minnies we'll clean up." He lighted his pipe. Freed covered his face with a handkerchief. I went for worms. I picked up rocks, scratched hard ground no pioneer had ever plowed, kidnapping a few skinny little worms. I baited a trout-size hook, fishing in the shallows where I saw a lonely dime-size sunny and a perch not much larger. The perch grabbed this

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miserable worm. I dropped him in the drinking cup, cutting back through the high weeds. The bees were making fools of themselves in the hot sun. My right cheekbone got steaming hot.

"Hello," said Freed. "You got any minnies? Swell. Use my rod. You're our last resort to get some fish. Hey, you got bit. A bee bit you."

I put my finger to the cheekbone but that didn't help. "It wasn't a bee. It was a wasp two days old with a green stripe."

They laughed as if I'd gotten bitten on purpose in order to make them laugh. I set down the drinking cup with its dopey perch and soaked up my handkerchief, then I tried handfuls of mud, sand and pebbles, finally sticking to mud. I hunted for some plantain leaves but there were no ditches handy, going back to mud again. All the time they were watching me like stupid little boys, yawning, only mildly amused. "He can hook 'em better than us," conceded McRedman.

"Thanks," I said, "but why does the innocent spectator always get stuck?"

"I don't know," they said.

Maybe I'd forget the bite if I fished. I jabbed a single hook underneath the perch's upper fin. The fish lay small and jeweled in my hand, not as yellow as a full-grown perch but tinctured with sea green, its top fin rising opaque and shining. I stripped off line, flipped the bait out into the pool's deep centre. Freed was dozing off, McRedman was sucking on his dead pipe, working himself into a coma.

Right away, almost, something big and heavy hit. McRedman shot upright. "Lemme that rod."

I edged away. "My fish. Keep off or I'll murder you."

Freed's eyes popped open at that. "Holy smoke."

"Keep off. I caught the worm that caught the minnie that caught the fish."

"Strike 'm!" cried McRedman.

"Let'm run," Freed and I yelled in unison.

"He's crazy," said Freed.

"Because I guessed what you'd say? Yeah. Yeah."

We laughed and then got sore again. The fish was swimming with the live bait but only toying with it. There'd been no sudden stop, no sharp tug at the end of the line.

"If you lose the Judge's fish," quivered McRedman.

"It's my fish." I struck. The line and the power at the end of it surged over to the side. I held the rod high, trying to keep that fish in the deep, but it was no use. He cruised right into the brush and logs. Staring into the pool, Freed could see nothing. I shoved the rod into McRedman's hands. "Hold'm. I'll get that lunker out." I stripped and went into the pool.

"You'll scare the other fish," cried McRedman. "I hope you drown."

The waters rolled up against my chest. This was the hottest. Swimming on the flat, Freed seemed taller than normal. He'd edged out on some of the logs, away from the bank, gripping the overhanging branch of a tree. "Right about here, boy. Be careful of the hook."

"The hook's in the fish's mouth," said McRedman.

I dove under. It was like before but this time I had a feeling of entering a cave after some animal. I swam downwards and downwards with one hand on the line as if it were a banister. Off to the left, the sandy floor was empty. The air from my lungs bubbled up. It got mistier. I grabbed hold of a slimy log,

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my free hand following the line. I tugged, felt something alive but unseen kick back, tugged and yanked with one bursting effort, pulling out the fish, its long green snout and thick body not two feet away. I went up like a fire to the surface. The sun and sky seemed to fall down on me. The fish was breaking water. I howled with my last breath. "Don't reel'm in, Mac!" swimming over towards Freed. He was holding tight to the branch, his fat face among the leaves, getting excited, venturing out farther and farther on the log with a helping hand stretched towards me. I let go the line, my eyes backward fastened on the fish being hauled in; Freed thinking the fish had escaped, shouted out in agony, lost his balance and rolled in with a splash. Still swimming, I saw McRedman grinning like an idiot, and then I grabbed Freed. "Let go," he hollered. "I can swim."

We pulled up on bank. McRedman was singing: "I got'm! I got'm, right up to shore but I'm scared to lift'm. Help! Help!" The bank was two feet above the pool and we could all see the pickerel kicking on the surface. I scooped the net into the middle of the fuss, threw up that son-of-a-gun on dry land. The three of us went wild, shaking hands all around. We made a picture, apoplectic McRedman, Freed soaking wet and me naked.

The fish was twenty-one inches, about four pounds, a beauty grown sleek in the brook. Freed put on my dry trousers. I grinned, knotting a sweater about my middle. "That's funny taking my pants," I said. McRedman posed with the fish. I snapped the picture and then took one of Freed and fish.

"You wouldn't look so hot in that bee bite and practically naked," said McRedman. "You don't want a picture?"

"Naw. Who'd want it but a nudist paper? And then it ain't my fish."

It was getting time to go home. The loose stuff was all over the place for me to pack up; McRedman was measuring the fish for the sixth time. I watched my trousers running around about Freed's legs. McRedman began to boast how he'd gotten him to shore, his fish. Freed chiming in: "And my dive, Mac." They were heroes. I let go a wild Bronx cheer, picked up the fish and ran off with it.

They thought I was nuts. They were right. "I'm going to heave this fish right back where he came from."

"No! No!" McRedman wept. "You can't."

"I can. It's my fish. Who hooked it?"

"You did," they said.

"And I got it loose and I netted it."

"Sure you did."

"Then it's mine and I can chuck it back. And I'm quitting this job and the hell with it."

"Please," said McRedman. "You can't quit. The last time you said you'd quit you didn't quit."

"Gee!" said Freed. "That's the Judge's fish. You can't throw it back."

"That's right. It's the Judge's fish." I began to laugh. I laughed for ten minutes. We all laughed, then we went home. The hell with such jobs. The hell with funny ducks like Freed and McRedman that somehow make a fellow feel loyal. The hell with such jobs. You can't quit them. That's the trouble with them.

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Exit the Small Town

By Charles Magee Adams

Despite a population trend away from cities during the depression, our small towns have been steadily losing strength and importance

It is the fashion these days to say that the small town is on the up grade. And this view represents more than nostalgic wishing. Despite the centripetal forces which have concentrated population in larger and still larger cities, several facts warrant the now widely expressed conviction that the village is regaining something of the same status it enjoyed prior to the era of intensive industrialization.

Long before the depression became the dominant factor in everything, the tide of population toward the cities was challenged by a feeble counter-current. Artists and others whose livelihood is independent of place made up the vanguard of the centrifugal movement. They forsook the cities for the peace and freedom of outlying villages because they found the turmoil and restrictions of urban life increasingly unendurable.

During the days of flush prosperity their ranks were swelled by a growing host of commuters who chose to live in smaller communities for much the same reasons. The automobile, of course, implemented this further hegira, making available areas heretofore impracticable for suburban residence.

And when the pulse of business faltered the centrifugal stream became a torrent. Multitudes who had tolerated the city because of the money to be earned there migrated to suburban towns and remote hamlets, driven by the necessity of making ends meet. The exodus has reached astonishing proportions. It is known, too, that many of these depression "refugees" will not return to the city even though recovery opens up their former jobs.

Ranking industrialists — notably Henry Ford—have been advocating just such a shift of population for a long time. They contend that the tremendous increase in costs resulting from urban concentration makes the decentralization of industry an economic necessity. And responsible economists and sociologists share this view.

It has the blessing of the Washington planners. Such enterprises as subsistence homesteads and the Tennessee Valley Authority contemplate the deliberate restoration of the small town's commercial and residential importance.

So there seems good reason to believe that the small town is looking up. However, it should be noted that the changes which give it a more favorable status are all on the material side. Other

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changes, also springing from modern conditions, and no less significant because they are imponderable, are decidedly adverse. Indeed, they are so adverse that they afford grounds for the gloomy conclusion that the small town, as a unit of community life, is definitely on its way out of the American scene.

II

Those whose acquaintance with village life is more comprehensive than the typical novel born of a hinterland slumming expedition will grasp what is meant readily enough. The characteristic which distinguishes the small town from the city is not comparative size, but rather a social attitude. It would be possible to set up a tailor-made community of a few hundred or few thousand residents recruited at random from among urban dwellers. But years would elapse before such a community could be classified accurately as a small town. For, viewed from the standpoint of social organization, the small town is the next unit larger than the family. Its residents are subject to an interplay of contacts and interests, an entire range of relationships only one step broader than those of the family.

In a village people have an opportunity to know one another far more intimately than in a city. That of itself creates a situation—not invariably grist for the ironist's mill—foreign to the average metropolite. Likewise, the small town emphasizes economic interdependence much more than the city. The urban manufacturer may regard his employes as "labor," but the village tycoon must also think of his as old schoolmates, neighbors, friends. Similarly, the small town brings social, cultural, even spiritual interdependence into infinitely sharper relief than the city. It personalizes the innumerable assets and liabilities of living together to a degree only one step removed from the family.

This comparison of the family with the small town is more than an illustrative convenience. There has been much shaking of heads over what has happened to the family. And the same basic forces which have worked such far-reaching changes in its relationships have also played a major part in altering the structure of the next larger unit.

Essentially, of course, these forces are technological. Every present-day social problem can be reduced to the struggle of man to adjust himself to the headlong rush of technological change. And the small town constitutes perhaps the ideal laboratory for studying this struggle. In the nation the investigator needs a telescope to appraise the reaction; in the family, a microscope. But in the small town the consequences can be studied with the naked eye, provided, of course, that eye is reasonably alert.

Most potent of the reagents which fecund technology has poured into the small town test tube is improved transportation. At the turn of the century the steam railroad was the only major transportation service available to the villages; and many lacked even that. As a result, the average small town was, for the most part, economically and socially autonomous. The bulk of its food and building materials were home products. Its education was locally supervised; its recreation, law enforcement, cultural ventures, were the results of local initiative.

Today that situation is changed profoundly under the impact of more flexible transportation. Over a network of

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improved highways stream trucks, buses and cars, whose effect is a startling alteration in the economic and social make-up of the small town.

No longer is the king-pin of local commerce the proprietor of the general store. The chain grocery sells most of the village's food, the chain department store most of its clothing and housewares. For more exclusive merchandise there are the shops of a larger town, usually within easy motor range.

Home-talent theatricals have given place to Hollywood. The weekly concerts of the local band have surrendered to the ubiquitous radio. The Chamber of Commerce has been replaced by a luncheon club which discourses eloquently about a particular ism contrived by national headquarters. The Browning Club has gone into the Federation.

Youths who once would have paid court to local belles now stream-line thirty or fifty miles for their dates, while the local belles are squired by admirers ranging as far afield. And when the young people seek diversion the pleasure spot is not likely to be in the home town. The Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes who formerly minded their step because of what the neighbors would say now have a "freer life" miles away with the reasonable assurance that the home folks will be none the wiser.

To be sure, these changes are logical and, in many respects, for the better. Complete local autonomy was never more than an illusion. In proportion as it was approached, it meant restricted opportunity, narrowness, ultimate sterility. To the extent that these changes spawned by modernity have given the small town greater freedom, broader contacts and added vigor, they have enriched its living. But the results can not be written solely in black ink. Against the heartening gain must be set a considerable, even serious, loss.

III

Perhaps the best way to indicate the nature of this loss is to say that the chief effect of modernity has been to suburbanize the small town. A suburb can be defined as a satellite of a larger community. And that is precisely the change that has taken place in the status of the small town during the past two or three decades.

Before the era of flexible transportation every inland village was, to a great extent, an independent community; not economically, to be sure, but in most of the social essentials. Its comparative isolation forced it to think of itself as a unit, rely primarily on its own human resources to solve its problems. And these resources were likely to assay sufficient initiative and ingenuity to meet a situation.

Today that village is an independent community only in the sense of physical detachment. Tightening ties of commerce and communication have caused it to think of itself—sometimes proudly, but more often fatuously—as an articulated part of a larger whole. It no longer relies first of all on its own resources. When a problem arises it turns to the county, the State, even the nation, just as the suburb turns to its parent city. In other words, what has happened is the weakening, if not destruction, of the attitude which fosters local group action.

A specific instance may point this general proposition. During the War a certain small town played more than its assigned part in the national effort. Overflow crowds attended numerous mass meetings in behalf of diversified war causes. The response to every ap-

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peal was united and generous. The whole community worked and sacrificed like a magnificently coached team.

Fifteen years later the same small town failed forlornly to meet its relief responsibility. Mass meetings called for the purpose of adopting measures were a grim joke. A sound plan of local help for the needy collapsed through lack of coöperation. In the end the relief problem was dumped on the doorstep of the State.

Granted, a comparison of the War with the depression is not altogether apt. One could be dramatized much more effectively than the other. Nevertheless, these two performances are significant. Notwithstanding contributory factors, they demonstrate the atrophy of community solidarity which, more than anything else, is the real threat to the existence of the small town as a distinctive phase of American life.

This atrophy can, of course, be traced to causes more particular than the broad proposition of technological change. And the chief of these is economic, the decline of the independent merchant.

At first thought that may seem farfetched. The relation between community solidarity and the character of retail distribution would appear flimsy, if existent at all. But to any one who knows his small town the connection is clear enough.

Before the War the bulk of retail business in a typical inland village was done by independent merchants. Save for mail-order competition and that of urban shops in the higher price brackets, the local grocery, butcher, baker, hardware dealer, druggist, dry goods man, jeweler and confectioner had the field to themselves. They owned their establishments, were permanent residents and, more likely than not, had grown up in the town. Further, they played a leading part in a wide range of community activities.

This leadership took many forms: a Chamber of Commerce, a Merchants' Association, perhaps no formal organization at all. Regardless of the set-up, the leadership was a real and powerful factor in community life. Whenever a celebration was to be held, funds raised for improving a park, or an historical shrine preserved, the merchants headed the committees, underwrote the expenses, did the advertising.

To be sure, the motive was not altogether altruistic. Their purpose was rather frankly to improve their business, directly or indirectly, by bringing people to town, keeping them interested, and otherwise selling the community to itself. Sometimes, too, their methods were crude, not to say amusing. Nevertheless, they did make a large and genuine contribution toward crystallizing community solidarity; and logically enough.

They had a direct stake in the town. It was their home, the source of their livelihood. They recognized, far more clearly than the non-mercantile citizen, that common responsibilities had to be met by common effort. Moreover, the energy and resourcefulness which kept them afloat economically equipped them rather well to direct a wide range of community enterprises.

But today the independent small town merchant is little more than a marginal unit of distribution. In thousands of villages chain merchandising has crowded him out. And where competition has not been carried to his door he has felt it little less keenly. Most of his customers can now drive with ease to some larger trading centre. As a result, the village merchant who owns his busi-

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ness and has deep community roots has been displaced largely by the chain store manager.

He owns nothing more than his furniture, sometimes not that. The only tie which binds him to the community is the success of his assignment. And that depends chiefly on his obedience to orders. Certain chain systems, to be sure, give their managers a degree of latitude in administration. A few go so far as to encourage managers to take part in community activities. But it is obvious that this part can not compare with that of the independent merchant on the score of community usefulness.

The chain store manager is not indigenous, not his own boss. He is a pawn of district office strategy, shuttled about the competitive board for reasons as impersonal and frequently as meaningless as army orders. The marvel is that he takes any part in the activities of the community where he finds himself, even when permitted.

So the eclipse of the independent merchant involves far more than a change in distribution methods. It has swept away the community's most useful leadership without supplying an effective substitute. For the lack of this leadership the small town has deteriorated from a consciously cohesive community to a group bound together by little more than the slight tie of propinquity.

IV

The decline of the small town press has also been a considerable factor in dimming the awareness of community interest, indispensable to group responsibility. Time was when every village of consequence had its own weekly newspaper; a stock source of merriment judged by metropolitan standards, yet performing the important function of providing a vigorous mouthpiece for matters of local moment. But today that situation too has changed.

Numerically, small town weeklies have shown no ominous shrinkage. On the score of local influence, however, they have lost much ground. Urban dailies have taken a heavy toll of their reader following. At the same time, the twilight of the independent merchant has cut deeply into their advertising revenues, since chain systems rarely use local media. To meet this condition many village weeklies have combined into little chains. The result has been a gain in mechanical efficiency, but at the price of the color and sometimes tempestuous independence which made them a potent force in crystallizing local sentiment.

Much the same can be said of the small town church. Grave concern is being expressed over the plight of village congregations. But comparatively little attention is given the situation as a symptom of community disintegration, which it is in large measure.

During the years when the small town church was heralded as the backbone of the ecclesiastical structure, it ministered primarily to the needs of its own community, social as well as spiritual. It served as the common gathering place, the local charitable agency, and took a vigorous—if not always intelligent—stand on local morals. Today it has abandoned most of these functions, not so much because the church at large has lost social consciousness, but rather because the small town has lost community consciousness.

Such social energies as the village church still possesses are channeled into remote causes. For the lack of immediate expression in action, its spiritual

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vitality has withered. In other words, the small town church has cast itself chiefly as part of a comfortably diffused whole, relying more and more on power from the top to turn its little wheels.

Institutionally, the classic example of this fatuous looking-to-the-top is education. Here the motive is more practical, not to say selfish.

In the days when the village schoolhouse was little larger and little less red than its famed rural equivalent, it was the quaint custom for each small town to solve its own educational problems as best it could. But since scholastic efficiency has come to be measured by the magnificence of auditoria and the murals of lunchrooms, richer sources of revenue had to be tapped; hence the politically potent "equalization of opportunity" theory, and its bureaucratic consequences. Now the small town school board is in much the same position as the manager of a chain grocery. State functionaries dictate everything from curriculum to ventilation.

It is the rankest heresy to suggest that this does not represent tremendous progress. But, judged by its effects on the recipient communities, there seems reason for serious doubt.

However, what many observers fail to recognize is that this cringing educational dependence is essentially the product of many interrelated factors. The small town looks to the State or even nation for a solution of its political problems because, commercially and culturally, it has come to lean more and more on sources outside itself.

V

Viewed from a social perspective, the small town can be regarded as the most promising effort thus far made at the difficult art of living together. Not that it was perfect. It had many faults, discernible without the aid of urban "realists." But it was immeasurably more successful than the communal life of larger groups, even under the guidance of intelligent regimentation. Now the ground gained has been lost. Instead of a cohesive group bound by mutual interdependence, we have a human conglomerate joined only by the fragile cement of adjacent residence, the components drawn more apart than together by the pull of outside interests.

That may seem a gain rather than a loss. Efficiency and freedom are the current shibboleths. Economically, the present-day small town is more efficient, what with chain merchandising, interconnected utilities, et al. Beyond question it is also freer. Wider contacts and more varied intercourse have shattered inhibiting isolation. But it is possible that these advantages have been bought at too high a price.

Whenever a stream grows broader it must become shallower. That is true of most contemporary living, and particularly of the small town. In other words, it can not have the material and social conveniences of the city without sacrificing many of the intangibles which gave it distinguishing charm and vigor.

It is a stupid mistake, too, to assume that the matter can be dismissed as merely the misfortune of bewildered yokels. In a more bucolic age it was the custom to say, "as the small towns go, so goes America." That was never wholly true. Yet its basic validity has been weakened little by the centripetal forces which seem to concentrate all power in urban centres. Statistically, the small town is becoming a more and more potent factor in the nation's life. And in respects other than dollar vol-

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ume and population its importance is even greater.

We are plunging more or less hopefully into what might be termed the coöperation-conscious era. Regional planning, codified industry, controlled agriculture are only a few of the manifestations of an increasing purpose to solve our problems by joint effort. But we find it difficult to make the new approach chiefly because coöperation is more preached from the top than practised at the bottom. It is like trying to marshal an army which has no units below divisions.

The small town is—more accurately was—the platoon or squad of coöperation. It had the prime merit of dramatizing the give and take of common action in man-to-man terms, an essential which larger units lack. In short, if the social break-up of the small town is permitted to continue, it looks very much as if the ambitious project of national coöperation will have to assume a forbidding handicap.

Then what is the solution? Despite the fallacy that a critic must offer a remedy for every defect he points out, I am frankly not sure. However, I am certain that stock nostrums can not turn the trick.

For instance, "buy at home" will not do it. The purpose is too selfish, and it flies in the face of economic fact. Neither will mere organization avail, even when fetchingly sloganed. The small town is barren soil for "whooper-upper" committees. And certainly the professional regimenter is not a solution. Intelligent as his efforts may be they are at best only superimposed.

If the small town is to become a closely knit community again the binder must come from within. True, the recementing can be accelerated by leaders who have the wit to diagnose the ailment and provide suitable media for the expression of group consciousness. But primarily the impulse toward regaining community solidarity must be spontaneous.

That necessity would seem to foredoom the small town to remain a heterogeneous bit of humanity, differentiated from larger clots chiefly by relative size. Group inertia is notorious. Yet I doubt whether the outlook is as hopeless as it appears. Though the human animal is slow to adapt himself to change he can eventually be counted on to make the needed adjustment. And when so much can be added to the assets of living by restoring the intangible wealth of community solidarity, it seems certain that some intuitive, and therefore adequate, solution will be found.

If it is not, America will be much the poorer. For, notwithstanding the barbs of the satirists, the small town's contribution to the nation is inestimable. It has been the best environment thus far developed for producing individuals, because the taproots of local backgrounds nurture distinctive personality. When the forces of urban civilization combine—almost conspire—to stamp its human units with a drearily uniform pattern, it would be a pity were our villages to become mere branches of the standardizing mill. Yet that is the tendency. Only the resolute determination of the small town to regain its heritage of independence can avert it.

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Politics and the Schools

By Henry W. Holmes

Suggesting a method of attack against growing political interference in education

The shame of Chicago in the conduct of its schools has not been fully disclosed, and perhaps it never will be, especially now that Chicago has found its financial feet and paid its teachers what it owes them. But since the crisis in Chicago school affairs, when teachers stormed the offices of Mr. Dawes, stories uglier than those then current have crept about. I have heard it stated as a fact that the principal of an elementary school in Chicago paid $5,000 for his job. I have been told that the examination papers for administrative licenses in Chicago have been sold in advance, at prices adjusted to the grade of the license. It is reported that a teacher seeking reinstatement after maternity leave found it necessary to make a devious payment of $300 for the privilege. The most astounding statement of all is that one of the leaders of the protests against non-payment of salaries was quietly but officially introduced to a notorious gangster. That was all; no threats were made; but the teachers had thereafter fewer leaders. There may be no truth in these stories; and I speak of the Chicago situation not further to defame the city of the "restless violent hands and casual tongue," but to bring out in its sharpest accents a danger which threatens public education throughout the country, the danger of political interference with the schools.

This danger, I believe, tends now increasingly to take a form more threatening and insidious than any it has commonly assumed before; and I believe also that there is a simple and straightforward way to withstand it—not an easy way, but one that can be followed without confusion or hesitation by groups of citizens who have the necessary interest and courage. Graft in the schools has not been uncommon in the past, although the record of the administration of the public schools of this country; in towns, cities, counties, districts and States, if one views it as a whole and throughout our history, is a record in which an American may take pride and from which he may draw hope and inspiration. But the graft that has appeared in former years has come to light mainly in connection with the building of schoolhouses and the purchase of school equipment, school materials and textbooks; and whereas rake-offs, favoritism and rings for the control of profits in such business still exist, something has been accomplished against these forms of racketeering by

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the requirement of open bidding for school contracts and by simple honesty among superintendents and the members of school boards. But there is still the teacher's job—and the politicians have become acutely conscious of it! This form of the political threat to education is a threat directed at the heart of the whole undertaking—the standards of personal competence, freedom and devotion of the teachers and officers of the public schools.

Examinations for license to teach are not a sure defense against politics in appointments to school posts. Merit lists and tenure laws are not an adequate safeguard and may even be juggled for political ends. The really promising way to fight the undermining of standards in the appointment of teachers, principals, supervisors and superintendents is to insist that no school post whatever shall be given to any person who is not a graduate of a reputable institution for the training of teachers and that the lists shall show a preponderance of appointments to graduates of institutions recognized as of the highest standing.

This is a thesis which must, of course, be elaborated, if it is to carry any conviction. I recognize, moreover, that the standard suggested can not be met at once and universally. I am concerned only to make clear what it means and how it may be made effective in communities with wealth enough to meet it or approach it. Let me offer an illustration of political interference with a school appointment (the case is one of which I can speak with ample knowledge of the facts) and from that starting-point develop the idea that insistence on *institutional* standards—that is, insistence that school posts shall go to graduates of institutions publicly known to maintain high standards of admission and graduation—is a workable plan for fighting the worst and latest threat of politics in education.

In a certain New England city, a teacher of music was appointed not long ago and then rapidly advanced to higher supervisory rank. His advancement required, at several points, the suspension of the rules for the appointment and promotion of teachers, but there was no difficulty about that. The education committee of the local League of Women Voters, examining the record of appointments for the year, and finding evidence of low institutional standards, a marked tendency to favor graduates of certain colleges and much weakness in maintaining the rules, was struck especially by this case and made public protest about it. The only institution from which this appointee could claim graduation was a local high school in the Boston area. He had later received a certificate from a nearby school of education for a brief course for teachers of school music. In the list of teachers published by the school department of the city, the entry against his name included the annotation "Courses at Harvard"; but it proved that although he had registered at Harvard for a course in the teaching of music, he had dropped it without taking the examination in the elements of music required for credit in the course. Judged by institutional standards he was unfit for appointment even as a teacher. I have not the slightest evidence that there was graft in the case, nor any belief that graft was involved; but there was certainly political favoritism, and the incident is unmistakable as an example of the defeat of the best interests of the children in the

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schools through political action in getting a teacher's job for a person unqualified to fill it.

Such an example, multiplied hundreds or even thousands of times and aggravated in many cases by attendant chicanery, bribery and political pressure, shows clearly enough the great issue between good and evil in the public management of schools. We may expect too much of public education; certainly we shall be disappointed in our expectations unless we can protect and improve the standard of quality in the appointment of teachers. Compared with that, buildings and administrative machinery and intelligence tests, and even the curriculum, are of secondary importance. The public ought to be deeply concerned for quality in the teaching staff, as the chief factor in whatever value it receives in return for taxes spent on public schools. When a politician, on the school committee or outside of it, calls for preference in appointments for local residents or for men and women trained in local schools, let the public beware! The demand for local preference may rouse a widespread sympathy; it has been very generally advanced, especially since 1929; it is a plausible demand: but there is nothing in it or behind it except politics. Every League of Women Voters, every Parent-Teachers Association, every civic organization concerned with education, good government, or taxation, ought to watch for school appointments carried through under suspension of the rules. Appointments made regardless of the rules are made regardless of the children's good, which ought to be the sole consideration. Especially, all civic groups should know just how appointments to the schools are made and should insist on publication of the lists which show the education and professional training of the appointees.

II

But how can any one be sure that the record of graduation from institutions tells anything significant about a candidate for office in the schools? May it not be that the superintendent of schools in the case I have cited knew that the teacher in question was a born teacher, full of enthusiasm, devotion, sympathy for children, intuition of their needs and all the other qualities of personality demanded with such emphasis by orators on education? Lord Bryce in his *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, writing of Edward Bowen, one of the great masters of Harrow, says: "Teaching was in his view a special gift of the individual, which depended on the aptitude for getting hold of the pupil's mind, and enlisting his interest in the subject. He had accordingly no faith in the doctrine that teaching is a science which can be systematically studied, or an art in which the apprentice ought to be systematically trained." Perhaps teachers should be chosen by those who know a good teacher when they see him, no matter where he went to college, or where he got his training for the job, or whether he held many degrees or none. Perhaps—in an isolated instance—but exceptions made in procedures of importance to the public interest, exceptions intended to cover the unusual case, may be the open door through which may come the deep damnation of betrayal of the public trust. The argument that personality counts more than training reads sweetly to the superintendent who is willing to play politics.

But quite aside from that, the argument in fact breaks down. Every teacher in the schools needs more than person-

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ality—much more; and what he needs besides he can not get, unless he is a genius, without recourse to colleges and training schools. He needs knowledge—not superficial knowledge, but knowledge organized, extended, vital and self-active. Graduation from a college may not be a perfect guarantee of the possession of such knowledge, but it is the best guarantee we can require; and the better the college the surer the safeguard on this thrice-important point. Every teacher needs also an understanding of educational problems, ideas, principles and policies, a professional attitude and competence in his judgment on professional issues, general and technical. He should be capable of participating intelligently in the continual discussion, conflict of opinion and practical compromise by which schools are slowly reorganized in their curricula and procedures to meet new needs and new conditions. Otherwise, the teachers (with notable exceptions, doubtless, such as Edward Bowen, though he seems to me, on just this point, himself to have been narrow in his outlook) are not unlikely to remain only bewildered routine workers, without any professional power to guide the public or even to educate their pupils while they teach them the conventional subjects in the conventional ways. Such power is not guaranteed by a degree in education, but that, again, is the best guarantee we have; and as with colleges, so with departments or schools of education, the better the institution, the surer the guarantee.

It may be that graduation from a college, followed by graduation from an institution for the training of teachers, deadens the personality and stultifies the artist in the teacher. William James once argued convincingly against the "Ph.D. Octopus," which seemed to him to bleed away the vigor of young aspirants for posts as college teachers. I should be the last to contend that colleges and university schools of education are not in need of a breaking-up of their routines, a broadening of their outlook and an infusion of courage and vision which would shake them from their reliance on getting jobs for their graduates as the best justification for their existence. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a young man or woman who has graduated from a good college and then from a good school of education, or from a good teachers college, is much more likely to have the scholarship and the professional power desirable in a teacher than one who can not present such institutional qualifications. I speak, of course, in general and of averages. The colleges and training schools do graduate poor sticks; but on the whole their product is our best reliance. A graduate of these institutions has at least shown personal qualities in the mere making of his record which should not be ignored. He may not be a rebellious artist; but he has persevered, and he has shown some power to learn and to think and to express himself. And every reputable institution for the training of teachers does in fact test its candidates also for their personal fitness to teach.

Granted that we need better education and better professional preparation for teachers, the best way to get it is to insist that every teacher in the schools shall be a graduate of the good institutions we now have and that the best of these shall be fully and increasingly represented in the yearly lists of appointments. If there were not an ample supply of candidates for posts as teachers, the case might be different. But

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now there are plenty of well trained, well educated young men and women who are eager for appointment in the public schools. It is a buyer's market. This is the time to raise standards; and if parents and citizens really want good teachers, they have a simple, objective criterion on which they may rely—graduation from the best existing institutions for the professional preparation of school workers. The State teachers colleges and the university departments and schools of education are the first line of defense against political interference with the efficiency of the schools.

In expressing this conviction, I have purposely avoided nice distinctions among the institutions which take part in the preparation of teachers and controversial questions as to the necessary aspects of that important business. There are those who would insist that graduation from a college of liberal arts, without any study of education, is sufficient preparation for any type or grade of teaching. Argument as to the value of specific instruction or training in the techniques and conceptions of pedagogy is beside my point. Let the school authorities set their standards at any reasonable level or in any generally accepted terms: the point is that under such requirements as exist the public has the opportunity to detect favoritism and political influence by examining carefully the institutional record of those who are appointed.

Boston now requires the Master's degree as a prerequisite for appointment to teach in the high schools of the city; but in spite of much valiant effort on the part of the administrative officers of the Boston city schools it has been difficult to prevent advantage to those who hold the Master's degree from the Teachers College of the City of Boston. There are plenty of cities which give a fixed preference to local candidates. There are plenty whose lists would reveal such an advantage, even if it is not made a part of the regulations under which appointments are made. One can hear the argument in support of that position: "Give the local boy or girl the best chance for a job! Keep the money paid in taxes for education within the city! Our institutions for the training of teachers are second to none!" But those who are genuinely concerned to have good schools will detect the hollowness of all such talk and will insist that no institution or group of institutions be given an advantage in the competition for posts, that no candidate be debarred whose institutional record meets or exceeds the requirements, no matter where he was prepared, and that the many institutions whose standing may be readily ascertained to be superior and whose graduates are actually available are well represented on the lists.

Of course there are plenty of difficulties to be faced in making appointments that will fulfil these conditions. I am not proposing an administrative scheme for selecting teachers. I am suggesting a standard by which the public may judge the results of all such schemes and thus fight the influence of politics in the appointment of teachers. If political influence is forced back into the colleges, universities and teachers colleges, and has to pursue its corrupting activity there, it will have a much harder task. By insisting on institutional standards—as these are recognized by associations of the institutions themselves—the schools may long be saved from the degradation of political interference.

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III

Obviously, there are other aspects to this problem, and the analysis must be pressed further if it is to reach to causes or to permanent remedies. When political influence in the schools is clearly vicious, the forces working for good are arrayed against greed, brutality and criminal motives of various kinds. But there is wide-spread political influence upon the schools which is not of the racketeering, gangster type. In a syndicated newspaper story I clipped this summer, the hero promises to help in obtaining a school job for the sister of the girl he vainly loves, and in order to do so he calls at once on an influential politician. The latter can not promise a full-time job but he agrees to "see some of the boys down at the hall" and is confident that they will "give her a break" the day school opens in the fall. The hero remarks that she is "a fine girl" and will make "a great teacher." The popular conception of teaching reflected by this bit of newspaper fiction is clear, and it does not involve gangsterism.

The idea that a position as teacher in the public schools is a "break"—a chance to earn a living at work which any respectable person, any "fine girl," can do —a job in the sense in which running an elevator is a job—at best a fairly simple custodial performance, a shepherding of "kids," with a certain amount of instructional activity done under the direction of supervisors—this is the root of all evil in the public conduct and control of education. Unless teaching is made, kept and popularly understood to be professional work of considerable difficulty, complexity and importance, dependent for its adequate accomplishment on technical competence and social understanding at least somewhat beyond the capacity of the average person, we shall never oust politics from the schools. This does not imply that teaching should be made, by some pedagogical *tour de force* achieved in normal schools, a mysterious undertaking. It is in its nature and essence, without pretense or forcing, all that I have said it should be: this is a social fact that can be discovered by any one who studies the actual working of the schools. The great task is to make the whole people realize effectively, even if vaguely, that a teacher, like a judge or a priest, is an expert on whose proper discharge of his duties the maintenance and advancement of civilized life in part depends.

There are certain curious backgrounds for the cheap political conception of teaching. One of them is the attitude of a certain class of people—mostly rich and mostly snobbish, all at least "conservative" if not in every sense reactionary—toward public education. They tend to regard the public schools as necessary but expensive charities. The theory that education is essentially a collective activity, a necessary function of the State, with the corollary that the private school—and of course equally the parochial school—is but an exceptional institution, to be accepted, even welcomed, for its usefulness as a variant, but never allowed to interfere with the development of the public system, seems to many people shockingly socialistic. Indeed it is socialistic; but it is the American theory, for which educational leaders since the enactment in 1647 of the famous "Old Deluder Law" in the Massachusetts Bay Colony have consistently fought and toward which our entire educational development has moved. In Newburyport, in 1790, the town established schools for girls, in spite of the opposition of the

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conservatives, voting down a motion that all who attended them "should be denominated recipients of charity." In 1818 Boston made primary schools part of the public school system, despite the report of a distinguished committee (Harrison Gray Otis, Peter Fisher and others) who opposed the move because the town was already under heavy expense for education, the presence of a few illiterates could not be viewed as a serious matter and the few children who could not afford the modest fees charged for the instruction of ABCdarians in the dame schools could easily be cared for by charitable disbursements! It took the lives and labors of Horace Mann, Henry Barnard and a score of other leaders to establish the conception of education as an essential collective responsibility.

There will always be those who will fight the extension of the public schools in any direction whatever—either upward on the age-scale, or outward to include new functions and activities. Every parent who sends his children to a private school tends at once to be alienated from any vital interest in the public schools; and this is the only serious evil attendant upon the continuance of private institutions. There is in the American theory of education something basically antagonistic to pure individualism, whether "rugged" or simply feudal. If those to whom our present economic system grants the indubitable advantages of private schooling for their children sincerely desire to prevent the deepening and hardening of class distinctions, and if they wish to make education serve that purpose, they will work conscientiously in two directions—toward improving the public schools, even to the ultimate point of making private schools unnecessary; and toward the constant stimulation of public spirit in the pupils in the private schools themselves. Samuel Gompers once said publicly that if the leaders of capitalism had wanted to prevent the rise of labor, they ought never to have allowed the public schools to exist. One way to use education as a means for the prevention of a communistic revolution which would destroy democratic institutions is to knit public and private education together, making private institutions the eager and modest servants of the common good. Perhaps that is an impossible ideal; but it has not been impossible in the universities, and in the schools it ought not to be beyond the power of the essential friendliness and civic interest of the typical American, even when he has made money enough to patronize our private "seminaries" or when he does so from religious motives.

A second obstacle to the wiping out of the political misconception of education is the attitude of teachers themselves, as expressed in their efforts to obtain the enactment of laws which will protect them in their jobs and which will make the schools a happy hunting ground for the "deserving." State and national associations of teachers are not guiltless in this connection. Even university departments for the training of teachers help to perpetuate the political attitude, when they make it too easy for teachers to get degrees, push them enthusiastically and without much discrimination for appointments, and thus insure their own continuance as self-supporting divisions of the universities. There is a sort of racketeering even among teachers and those who prepare them for their public labors.

The leaders of the teachers of the State of New York have scornfully de-

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cried the work of an Advisory Committee on Education appointed by the New York State Economic Council, because that Committee adopts as a basic principle the view that public schools should be conducted with due regard to the financial resources of the community, even if teachers have to be dismissed. The Chairman of that Committee, Professor Frank E. Spaulding of Yale University, has rightly declared that more money, not less, should be spent on public education; but he has also declared, for the Committee, that there is waste in the expenditure of taxes on the schools and that in a time of depression such waste is especially to be deplored; and he has pointed out how tenure laws, which protect teachers in their jobs irrespective of their efficiency, are a prolific source of such waste. New York teachers have currently urged at Albany the Jacobi Bill opening night-school jobs to the unemployed in preference to teachers already holding day-school posts. Dr. Harold G. Campbell, superintendent of the New York City schools, opposes the bill because it will lower the quality of teaching in the night schools. These are examples of issues on which teachers' organizations are on the political side.

If the teachers of America are sincere in their professional purpose they will not seek to create new jobs for themselves or protect themselves, against the interests of the community, in the jobs they hold. They will not direct the work and influence of their organizations mainly to the securing of salary, tenure and pension laws or laws granting teachers special privileges and advantages. They will work on the problem of taxation, in order that public funds for education may be provided on a broader, fairer and more productive basis. They will not act as if public money were a sort of ransom from the predatory rich, collected by the school board in the rôle of modern Robin Hood. They will accept the principle of Dr. Spaulding's committee, that the good of the children comes before the creation or continuance of jobs for teachers. The public schools will inevitably keep on expanding; but the leaders of teachers' organizations must devote themselves unequivocally to making public education better—qualitatively more satisfactory from every point of view, not quantitatively a still more blessed opportunity for new positions.

The fact that membership on a school committee is usually elective is another support for the political attitude toward education. Even when membership on a board of education is appointive, it easily becomes a political opportunity. The politicians have discovered the committeeman's job as well as the teacher's. They want control of the school board as a means of control over patronage and they want it also because the getting of it is a testing-ground for political strength and the having of it a sounding-board for political ballyhoo and a spring-board for political advancement. I once met a member of a local school committee at the barber shop and in the chummy atmosphere of that leveling institution I asked this educational authority why he kept the committee from getting down to business and wasted their time by raising false issues on which he could make political speeches. His reply was simply, "Aw, Professor!" He took it for granted that I understood his ambitions and realized the necessities of his case. And of course I did. He now holds an important State office to which he was elected by a safe majority.

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It took over two hundred years to establish the school committee as a body representing the people and exercising lay control, through professional executives and advisers, over the schools of the community. As an institution of democracy the school committee may have inestimable value in keeping alive the local interest in the schools and in fitting them to local needs and local resources. But recent developments show that the school committee may also be a millstone around the neck of education. Special interests may capture the school committee and politicians may make it their plaything. It tends also to tie education too closely to the local situation, obscuring the fact that the education of all children is also a concern of the State and of the nation. If school committees are to remain elective bodies, the mode, time and regulating conditions of election to school-committee membership should be changed to emphasize the fact that a school committee is the local agent of the State, discharging a function austerely divorced from the fortunes of political parties and the political advancement of individuals.

IV

It remains true, of course, that in education as in every other human interest, good can not win against evil unless the majority of the people understand how the issue declares itself and where and when the battle must be fought. I believe most people would take sides for the good, if they knew what the difference really was. It is time for leaders in education to turn again to the broader public problems in their field.

Civic groups should watch the workings of the machinery by which teachers are appointed to positions in the public schools; and the class which George William Curtis once optimistically described as "the wealthy and refined" should take a new and earnest interest in "our public seminaries." If the depression continues or if we are really facing social reconstruction along radical lines, the wealthy and refined may discover that the public seminaries are unexpectedly important to their welfare. Teachers, in their professional organizations, should insist on the highest standards of education and professional training for the filling of their own ranks. If teachers want an index of their progress toward the true standing of a profession, they might find it in the extent to which their associations are entrusted, as in medicine and the law, with the formulation and safeguarding of standards for entrance into practice. The more they turn to unionism, in its ordinary form, the more difficult do they make their approach to professional status. State departments of education, finally, should have such relations to local school committees that the influence of the State may be stronger and more direct in the selection of the members who are to serve and in the character of their service. Although the suggestion is novel and possibly very wide of the mark, it might be advantageous (at least in certain States) to have the power to appoint a certain proportion of every local school committee —less than a majority—vested in the State Commissioner of Education.

In the deeper sense of the word politics, the sense in which Aristotle wrote and in which political theory has become a university discipline, education is simply a part of politics. But the political influence which endangers our schools does not derive from Aristotle or from universities.

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What Shall We Do About Japan?

By H. B. Murkland

Three possible answers to the naval challenge of Japan, which is daily becoming a more serious threat to world peace

It is fairly evident by now that the world's overly ambitious attempt at general disarmament has collapsed. A tremendous problem under the best of circumstances, the present state of Europe has made it an insoluble one. But this is not quite so true of naval disarmament. For various technical and political reasons limitation of naval armaments is somewhat easier to achieve, as is demonstrated by the fact that there are actually treaties in effect limiting the world's navies.

In 1936 these treaties will expire, which means that in 1935 something must be done about replacing them. In spite of previous progress the general disarmament debacle has been so complete that it is likely to involve the naval treaties also. So nearly impossible does it appear to renew these treaties in any recognizable form that there is strong sentiment in favor of not holding a naval conference at all. The effect on world psychology of abandoning the conference, or of holding an abortive one, would be so serious that it is important to explore every possible avenue which offers a way out of the impasse.

It is obvious that accomplishment can come only from an entirely fresh approach. To start anew in this way demands a reconsideration of the whole problem of sea power. It is not enough to know the present situation. We must place that situation against its proper historical background.

The history of sea power has been, since the days of the world's first navies, a history of dual conflicts. One power has held the seas against successive challenges until there arose a rival strong enough to destroy her. Never, until our day, has the command of the seas changed hands without a decisive naval war.

In modern times Great Britain has been the dominant power, forced to hold that position by her geographical situation and by the fact of her far-flung empire. Her supremacy was attacked in turn by Spain, Holland and France; from each conflict she emerged victorious. At the beginning of the present century a new challenge arose in the form of an embryonic German navy. In the Great War England crushed this newest threat to her power before it could reach full strength. She was successful in sweeping Germany's warships from the sea, but in that very process she raised up another rival, the most formidable that she had ever faced.

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For a hundred years before the War the United States had had a small navy, never more than half the size of Britain's, and had felt no need for more. The two oceans were our best naval defense and, committed to our historic policy of isolation from the affairs of Europe, we saw no reason why we should maintain a powerful navy to protect our theoretically neutral commerce. We depended also on the sanctity of the idea of the freedom of the seas for neutrals, a doctrine which the rest of the world professed to honor. The naval phases of the Great War opened our eyes. Constant disputes with both England and Germany taught us that in the modern, interdependent world we could not keep clear of European entanglements, and that under the stress of necessity a nation able to do so will scrap the freedom of the seas along with all the other hampering rules which are supposed to govern international intercourse. We were faced with two alternatives: we could abandon our insistence on the right of our citizens to deal unmolested with all the warring nations and let England establish clearly her dominance over the seas, or we could follow the historic examples of Spain, Holland, France and Germany and challenge that position. It has always been the weaker power which holds to freedom of the seas; the great naval wars of history have arisen from efforts to assert that theory in the face of the stronger power which demands supremacy.

President Wilson decided to adopt the second of the alternatives. In his 1916 naval programme he advocated "incomparably the most adequate navy in the world" both to defend our long coast line and our foreign commerce "against any possible adversary" and to preserve the freedom of the seas. These objectives should, logically, have brought us into conflict with England rather than Germany for the British interfered with our commerce much more drastically than did their enemies, but Germany, with the blundering stupidity characteristic of her imperial rulers, attacked us in a peculiarly unpleasant way, so that at last we found ourselves ranged at England's side rather than against her.

Our entry into the War in 1917, which made our navy for a time the ally of the British fleet, changed somewhat the direction of our programme but did not lessen its scope, and when the War ended we continued our construction according to the original plans. The refusal of the Senate to accept the League of Nations only strengthened the arguments of those who saw in a great navy our sole safety. For the first three years after the War we built ships furiously, having at one time more than twice as many capital ships under construction as all the rest of the world together. It was our definitely expressed intention to build a fleet greater than that possessed by Britain. The British would never have submitted tamely to such a relegation to second place, and the inevitable result of the carrying out of our plans would have been a naval race which might conceivably have led to an Anglo-American war. England would have made a desperate effort to keep up with us, but our superior resources would have made such an effort hopeless in the long run.

The Washington Conference of 1921 was therefore a godsend to England. Secretary Hughes's startling proposals were perfectly timed and con-

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ceived. They were presented in such a way that the other nations, willing or unwilling, were forced to accept them or confess their hypocrisy in proclaiming their devotion to the principle of disarmament. At the same time they saved England's face, a process as important to the Western world as it is to the Orient. Before the world Great Britain could gain credit for her acceptance of the United States as a naval equal, even though by doing so she was only accepting the inevitable. For home consumption it could be pointed out that while England sacrificed, in new tonnage, little more than the plans for two capital ships, the United States had given up fifteen only partly antiquated battle-ships and had in addition stopped construction on thirteen of the sixteen new capital ships authorized in 1919. None of these was yet in commission, but approximately half a billion dollars had already been spent on them. The Washington agreement applied only to capital ships. After the failure at Geneva it was finally, at the 1930 London Conference, extended to the other categories. So, by a combination of idealism and respect for hard facts, a threatened naval race between Great Britain and the United States was averted. For the first time in history command of the seas had shifted without the shedding of blood. Great Britain was no longer supreme, but shared her power equally with the United States.

There are no serious issues between the two countries and in most international matters their interests are the same. War between them is about the most unlikely conflict that can be imagined. Neither one suffers by their dual mastery of the seas, and both gain appreciably from it. The new order seemed, in spite of minor complications, to work well, and, all other factors being equal, there appeared to be no reason why, when the treaties expired, they should not be renewed, perhaps with slight modifications. Unfortunately the other factors have not remained constant.

II

The whole international atmosphere has, of course, become more tense in the intervening period. In the decade of the 'Twenties a real effort was being made to clear up the debris left by the War. Under the auspices of Briand and Stresemann the relations between France and Germany, on which the peace of Europe largely depends, were relatively friendly; the League of Nations was as yet untried; and general disarmament was being approached with considerable enthusiasm if little intelligence. Today, with Hitler in power in Germany, France and the Reich are again at swords' points; the League has proven impotent; and disarmament is for all practical purposes a dead issue. The faint post-War flickerings of internationalism have died down and the flames of political and economic nationalism are burning more fiercely than ever, fed by Fascist dictators and nourished by the depression.

These general international stresses would in themselves hamper disarmament, naval or otherwise; their effect has been intensified by the interjection into the situation of a new and more specific factor. That factor is of course Japan's appearance on the naval scene.

At the earlier conferences Japan accepted, however unwillingly, a position of naval inferiority in relation to England and America. She was hardly in a position either to challenge the world

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by refusing to accept the American proposals, or to defy the combined might of these two powers; nor were her dreams of empire as fully developed then as now.

This does not mean that Japan's emergence as a first-rate naval power was not inevitable from the moment of her metamorphosis from a feudal state into a modern nation, for it was. It simply means that only now are both internal and external conditions favorable for such an emergence. Japan is forced to assert herself on the sea by her geographical position and her economic status, both of which are remarkably like those of England. She is an island kingdom, which means that all her lines of communication are by sea, at the mercy of any power with a stronger navy. She is primarily an industrial country, dependent on transportation by sea for her very food. Lastly, she is now, driven by economic necessity, engaged in building up an over-seas empire. The founding of the puppet-state Manchukuo is but the first step in that direction. There is every reason to believe that once her Manchurian position is consolidated she will attempt to extend further her hegemony on the Asiatic mainland.

Here then is the background for Japanese naval expansion. The naval party in the country has always been a strong one. Bitterly disappointed at the results of the Washington and London Conferences, they have been making every effort to gain control of government policy, and to a considerable extent they have succeeded. It is primarily their growing power which has forced the issue at this particular time.

The international relations of the country have worked for them as well as her internal situation. Japan probably never had any particular faith in the League of Nations, but she was at least a member and hence subject to the letter of internationalism if not imbued with its spirit. Now she has defiantly left the League and has in consequence been forced inevitably into a more or less defensive position in the face of the rest of the world. It is rather an exaggeration to call her an outlaw, but she is at least no longer an intimate member of the family of nations. This status is bound to force her back upon her own military and naval defenses which take the place of the instruments of security furnished by the League.

Her general position outside of the world's organization for peace is further complicated by specific disputes with various nations. Her relations with Russia are sometimes strained, sometimes relatively easy, but they will always be potentially troublesome as long as the two countries remain neighbors. However unfounded it may be, there is considerable distrust of the United States in Japan and the Japanese jingoes at least see in America a future enemy. Japan's current economic offensive is bound to stir up bad feeling, particularly in England. The establishment of Manchukuo and the attitude of the rest of the world toward this new state are a possible source of international friction, as is the Japanese refusal to give up her control of the mandated islands of the Pacific when she leaves the League finally.

In short, internal and external circumstances have conspired to arouse to activity the latent Japanese naval threat. So far the pattern is familiar. Political and economic pressure in Japan has forced the nation, for its very life, to challenge the ruling power on the sea.

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If new factors had not entered into the international situation it would be easy to predict the future. Japan would build furiously, and England or the United States, whichever held the balance of sea power, would match ship for ship with her. War would come whenever either Japan or her rival decided that they had reached the peak of their naval strength. Another of the great naval wars of history would come, leaving at its end one of the combatants broken and swept forever from the sea, the other supreme and unchallenged. And the cycle would begin again.

III

But the future will not follow this course, for there is present a factor which makes the present situation different from past ones. This is the fact that dominion over the seas is no longer held by one power alone but by two together. Naval parity between Great Britain and the United States once achieved will not be given up lightly; it is unlikely that it will be given up at all, no matter what happens to general naval disarmament. The two nations are not in complete agreement, but their differences are relatively minor in the face of their greater unity against the threat from the Far East. Japan, if she offers a challenge, will be challenging neither England nor the United States alone, but both together. This does not necessarily mean that in the event of a Japanese attack on one of them, either Britain or America would fly at once to the side of the victim, but it does mean that there is always that possibility. Their interests are close enough so that if a real show-down came it would probably become a question of West against East. Japan could probably not, in the long run, outbuild either of her rivals, for they both have a considerable start on her, both are more stable internally and both have infinitely greater resources on which to draw. To challenge either one would be an act almost of desperation; to challenge the two of them working even casually together would be utter madness, to which even the inflamed imagination of the Japanese naval jingoists would hardly resort.

This is perhaps the most important single fact in the new naval situation, and one which must be kept in mind in considering the possible developments of the near future. It is no doubt unfortunate that the present pacts are not to be renewed. But realism would suggest that instead of bewailing this fact and spending our energies in an attempt foredoomed to failure to reverse it, we concentrate on saving the essentials. For however pretty a structure, from the point of view of the advocate of disarmament, the present naval pacts may form, their main objective could be secured equally well in other ways.

The simplest way, of course, would be by a direct agreement between Britain and the United States. Such an agreement would not of necessity involve us in European entanglements, secret treaties or an old-style alliance. There is no need for anything like the high-sounding "*Pax Anglo-Americana*" which some writers have suggested. There need be no promise to fight or work together—all that is necessary is for these two naval giants to agree that they will maintain equal navies, no matter what the rest of the world does. Minor factors will complicate the problem of course, but the agreement could surely be made sufficiently elastic to cover such points as might arise. To seek ship for ship, man for man and gun

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for gun parity is childish. The very concept of parity is based on the assumption that the navies of Great Britain and the United States are not going to fight each other. If we do not accept this assumption the whole idea of parity is meaningless, and if we do accept it we need not quibble about a few extra tons or an odd cruiser or so—we need only see that the navies remain at approximately the same size. Such parity might well be buttressed by some kind of consultative pact which would not commit the two nations to acting together, but would offer the basis for such common action if it became desirable.

This is the direct way of settling the naval problem; of meeting the Japanese challenge and of averting a new struggle for naval supremacy. Japan would not like it, of course. She would probably refuse to sign any agreement founded on it and would proceed to expand her navy to the utmost limit of her capacity. The world, however, could face such a development with equanimity. By pursuing such a course Japan would only bankrupt herself, and she would hardly dare, under such circumstances, to attempt to assert her power by force.

While this method would settle the direct problem, it would of course give rise to a most unfortunate state of international psychology. Japan might perforce accept it but it would create very bad feeling, of which the world has more than enough just now, and would simply postpone the final settlement to a more propitious time for Japan.

IV

The alternative, of course, is to find a solution which will permit the British and American navies to maintain their superiority while saving the Japanese face and giving her defensive equality. She does not really need perfect parity with her rivals; her naval problems are much simpler than those of Great Britain and the United States. Her interest lies wholly in the Pacific, while the United States has the Atlantic to consider as well, and England has all the seven seas to patrol. What Japan needs is, for all practical purposes, a navy equal to any other in the Pacific. She recognizes this distinction herself. Her spokesmen refuse to consider the ratio system any longer, but they insist that they are not asking absolute parity with the others. What they demand is security, which means the ability to defend themselves on equal terms against any attack, which can only come in the Pacific.

This distinction between absolute equality and equal security gives a clue to the solution of the problem. To make the issue one between the Japanese, British and American navies is ridiculous. The actual issue is between the Japanese navy as a whole and the Pacific naval strength of England and America. Of course the distinction between the strength of either of these navies in the Pacific and their total strength is a very fine one, but no finer than many similar lines drawn in discussions of disarmament. It would seem not impossible to use it as the basis for a new approach to the whole naval question.

Such an approach would involve the creation of naval zones. There would probably be three main ones: the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Mediterranean Sea; with other smaller zones in which certain nations have specific interests, such as the Caribbean area for

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the United States and the regions in which Great Britain has particular imperial interests. Each country would estimate the size of the naval force which she required in each zone, and the comparison would be between the forces in that zone and not the total naval strengths. Thus, while the United States might have a total navy twice as large as that of Japan, she might very well grant Japan equality or even a slight superiority in the Pacific; the same thing would apply to England. There would have to be agreement by treaty, of course, that each force would remain strictly within its own zone, whether in peace or war; that the United States, for instance, in the event of war with Japan would not send her Atlantic fleet to join her Pacific squadron. This seems at first glance ridiculous. It is hard to imagine the United States, for example, fighting a desperate war with Japan and keeping half her navy idle on the Atlantic coast. But is it actually any less impractical than any kind of disarmament agreement? Such naval agreements would be analogous to undertakings not to resort to bacteriological or gas warfare, or to the bombing of civilians, to all of which many nations are willing to agree. The naval pacts, like all disarmament measures, would depend for their success on a regard for the sanctity of treaties. However cynical may be our attitude, we must accept this assumption. Otherwise to talk about any kind or degree of disarmament is simply a waste of breath.

In any case the actual value of any sort of disarmament agreement lies not in the degree to which it controls warfare, but in its usefulness as a preserver of the peace. We have learned from bitter experience that desperate nations are not likely to be too scrupulous about treaties. Whatever agreements may be made as to the use of armaments, they are likely to be violated when war comes. Nevertheless, they are useful, for by reducing international tensions, stopping the arms races which so often lead to war and in general stabilizing existing conditions, they make the coming of war less likely.

It is in this way that the proposed zonal system of naval arms limitation would be useful. Once war comes, no pacts are likely to be of much avail, but if we can stop the incipient naval race in a way that will be generally satisfactory to all the nations concerned we will have done a great deal to avert a new naval war. And in warfare, as in other fields, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

There are, then, three possible solutions of the naval dilemma. Great Britain and the United States might grant parity to Japan. This they will never do, for the simple reason that theoretical parity would give Japan actual superiority in the Pacific, since her navy would be concentrated there, while they must cover other fronts as well. Secondly, all attempts at agreement might be dropped, the United States and England might retain parity with each other and form a working agreement, then defy Japan to outbuild the combination. The result of this policy would be bad feeling, a ship-building race and ultimate war. The first of these alternatives is impossible, the second undesirable. There remains only some such compromise as has been outlined above. Only thus can we break the vicious circle and avert a new and disastrous episode in the story of sea-power.

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Washington as a Boom Town

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

The New Deal has brought to the capital, along with a horde of new politicians, prosperity and a carefree gaiety very different from the past

When President McKinley, in 1898, asked Congress to declare war against Spain, 28,000 regulars awaited the mobilization flash of the War Department. An army even larger than this has reinforced the Federal jobholders in Washington since Franklin Delano Roosevelt hoisted the New Deal banner over the White House. But the march to the capital has been too quiet and unobtrusive and there has been too little of the spectacular about it to win much of a play in the public prints. Had the New Deal paraded its battalions down Pennsylvania Avenue in martial array and with the blare of bands, had the newsreel photographers stood at the curb with their cameras, the maneuver would have been revealed in its real magnitude, and before this a modern Xenophon might have received his inspiration to pen the story of the Anabasis of Jim Farley's Thousands. But the figures speak eloquently enough. By November, 1934, Federal employes in Washington totalled 93,000, an expansion of approximately 30,000 since Herbert C. Hoover boarded his train for Palo Alto. Pledged in its campaign promises to a twenty-five per cent reduction in government expenditures, the Roosevelt Administration, in less than two years, has increased Federal employes in Washington by close to fifty per cent.

The New Deal has made the capital a boom town. A bonanza prosperity sets its population apart from those of other American cities, with their mortage foreclosures, wages and salaries cut in half, insecurity of jobs and the other items on the current litany of distress. Not only has a full army corps been added to the Federal payroll—the economic mainstay of the District of Columbia, which will bring into the city an estimated $240,000,000 in 1935—but government employes, whose pay was cut but fifteen per cent while national income descended precipitately from over $80,000,000,000 in 1929 to less than $40,000,000,000 in 1933, were given back ten per cent of this last summer, and their friends in Congress are now fighting hard for the remaining five per cent before July first—the date when President Roosevelt has promised full restoration. If the easy money and the fat payrolls of Washington are those of a boom town, so too is the carefree spirit, the mood of adventure, the exhilaration of exciting living which the

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humblest office-holders share with the Brain Trust as co-workers in the great experimental laboratory set up in their city.

Thanks to Postmaster General Farley's insistence that the victors be given the spoils, Washington has become the promised land for Roosevelt Democrats. Beyond the fact that they have been spared the full impact of the depression, old-line government employes have little reason to give the New Deal more than a Bronx cheer. The number of Federal employes appointed under the Civil Service rules has shown practically no net increase, and few have been advanced to the blue ribbon posts. The economy drive earlier in the Roosevelt Administration—engineered by Lewis Douglas, one of the real forgotten men of our day—separated from the government service a good many efficient and faithful employes. Political appointees have taken some of their places. They staff most of the emergency agencies, and they have strong delegations in the regular departments and bureaus.

According to competent authority, the salaries paid to the political appointees, on the average, exceed those paid for corresponding work to those appointed under the merit system. Many of the higher-ups in the NRA draw a good deal more—some of them twice as much—than the $6,000 a year which Hugh S. Johnson, original boss of the Blue Eagle, set initially as his compensation. Salaries in the higher brackets are plentiful not only in the NRA but in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Home Owners Loan Corporation and many other alphabetical units. The salary list may explain in part the enormous pressure for jobs, for business no longer has at its disposal the lucrative posts that were so plentiful a few years ago. Washington still offers fine pasture land for place-hunters.

To New Dealers well placed in Washington, life offers some of its choicest gifts. Power is theirs and the glamour that goes with public place. They work and play in a community embarked on a great adventure in ideas. For those who enjoy being in the public eye, there are interviews with newspaper men, and out-of-town speeches and lectures. For those who like social life, Washington offers a full round of gaiety—a social life not as formal as it was under the Republican patricians, but a good deal more exciting. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt strike the prevailing key. Gone are the formality and stiffness that in recent years have marked the entertainments at the White House. Instead we find informal parties, dances for the newspaper "boys" and "girls," and the "widows" of the Gridiron Club —almost the open house of a large family. The same informality and friendliness extend down the line, with the result that new additions to the New Deal circle find themselves quickly at home.

The "big shots" in capital society of today are Brain Trusters like Richberg and Tugwell, administrators like Ickes, Moffett and Hopkins, and Cabinet officers. Hostesses regard Democratic Senators and Representatives as lesser game, for Congress is still a New Deal rubber stamp and must pay the price. Old-line bureau chiefs, government scientists and the like have a rating somewhat lower, just as civil service employes must yield precedence to the political appointees. Republicans are so few in number this winter that they are beginning to excite curiosity—the curiosity that attaches to museum pieces.

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Henry L. Stimson spends some of his time in Washington, the one man in the Hoover Administration who has contrived to remain in the good graces of its successor. Andrew W. Mellon slips into town occasionally, as do Ogden Mills and a few others. The handsome Pat Hurley, former Secretary of War, prefers Washington, even under enemy control, to his native heath in Oklahoma. Republican Senators and Representatives are accorded the amenities which a visiting football team receives, and the same amenities have been given to Henry P. Fletcher, of old a Beau Brummel at the State Department and now Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who fires his popguns at the New Deal almost within a stone's throw of the White House.

II

The impact of the New Deal on Washington has done more than create a fermentation of ideas. It has had important physical effects as well. A serious housing shortage is one of these. People in the medium income group find it increasingly difficult to rent a decent house or apartment within their means. No harder job than house-hunting faces the new arrivals who did not have the prevision to dig in after the inaugural parade. Those with the equivalent of a comfortable government salary in other cities usually obtain good value for the housing fourth or fifth of their domestic budgets. Mortgage foreclosures, cut or omitted dividends and slashed salaries fill the real estate market elsewhere with good bargains for those with cash in hand. The reverse holds in the capital—high prices and few vacancies. After a careful search of current offerings, enterprising reporters for the local papers tell us that there are practically no rented quarters to be had. Even political pull avails the house-hunter little. Though rents have not yet been boosted to the pre-depression level, this may come before the year is over, in obedience to the law of supply and demand. You can't add 50,000 or more persons, almost overnight, to a city as small as Washington, and provide them all with decent shelter. The Federal authorities constructed emergency branches to house some of the government workers who came to Washington during the World War boom. If the Federal army continues to expand, housing regimentation may again be necessary.

The repeal of Prohibition and the huge additions to the population of Washington after many lean years, have again brought cheer to the hotels of Washington. The tourist trade continues to fill sight-seeing places with rubbernecks, but business men, to a greater extent than ever before, swell the throngs that daily detrain at the Union Station. Government control over business brings representatives of industry to the capital, in large numbers, to attend NRA code hearings or to become acquainted with other New Deal units.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—even if he is a Brain Truster or one of his understudies. There was a time not so long ago, and within the memory of many Washingtonians not yet old, when one of the fashionable diversions in the summer was to take the trolley out to Chevy Chase. The street cars still run, but Washington, New Deal style, requires something more exciting for diversion. Night clubs have taken the capital by storm. The city has had for several decades one or two places where tired government

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officials, clerks and their ladies could dance and drink during the hours when the night shift at the government printing office was rushing through the presses the speeches on Capitol Hill for publication in next day's Congressional Record. Though Washington society occasionally took a look at the bright lights in these resorts, most of its members preferred the entertainments in private homes. Conventional parties are still numerous, but they are facing stiff competition from the many night clubs that have followed the New Deal to town. These resorts number among their patrons diplomats, high officials, minor government employes and many others. Cocktail hours at the principal hotels make their bid also for the cash of the spenders. Both hotels and night clubs have floor shows, and their casts of "Broadway" stars. Liquor flows freely, but not more freely perhaps than in a New York or Chicago night club. The spirit of Washington after dark, as in the bright light of day, is that of a boom town; happy in its mood, easy in its spending, careless as to what the morrow has in store. For if the New Deal will not provide for those who sit behind its typewriters, and look after its own, for whom, pray, will it provide?

Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt's monetary policies, which have taken the United States off the gold standard, the foreign diplomatic corps sit again in clover and their money once more buys the best that Washington can offer. Diplomats contribute to the gaiety of the capital under the New Deal, and they find time withal to prepare full reports for their home governments on the economic and social experiments of the Roosevelt Administration. Washington is a city of a little over half a million. A quarter of these are colored, and small pay government clerks and tradespeople make up the bulk of the remainder. Resident society, high government officials and the New Deal hierarchy, Senators and Congressmen and a few others—these, the people who really "count," a few thousands in number—reside almost exclusively in a small area in the northwest section of the city. Into this small group have been deposited over fifty ambassadors and ministers and their staffs, together with the whole showy apparatus of diplomacy. A town famous for its hospitality, Washington under the New Deal continues to open its homes, if not its hearts, to the diplomatic corps in its midst, with the result that they occupy a place in its social and official life which is theirs in no other major capital in the world. London, Paris, Berlin and Rome are industrial and cultural, as well as political capitals of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy, but Washington has only two important industries—real estate, and government and politics. Its foreign diplomats are in the public eye at all times. Ambassador Bingham can lose himself for a few hours in the crowds on Regent Street, and Ambassador Straus can do the same on the Paris boulevards. Saito and Lindsay, Luther and Rosso and their colleagues are not so fortunate. For they must remain on the Washington stage throughout the whole performance each day. In the village press of the American capital, the social doings of the diplomats are chronicled in minutiæ each day, even their appearances at the night clubs. In London or Paris, diplomats live under no such compulsion of publicity. Washington hostesses will wrangle for hours over the seating of a diplomatic subaltern, who would be a nonentity in Madrid, Vienna or Brussels. With their large entertainment

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allowances, the foreign diplomats are able, in the course of the year, to bring to their tables most of the men in the top bracket of American official life. A few Senators, notably William E. Borah, refuse to go out after dark, and Vice President Garner has broken the precedent which decrees that the second officer of the Republic shall be the Administration's representative at the mahoganies of the great. Most of the Washington higher-ups, however, not only accept the invitations of the foreign diplomats, but also invite them to parties of their own. Since the demise of Prohibition, diplomatic liquor is no longer quite the drawing card that it was. But contacts between the foreign diplomats and the New Deal remain fairly close, and it is through the social interchanges and the after dinner confidences that chiefs of mission obtain much of the material which they use in giving their home governments the "low down" on Mr. Roosevelt and what he and his Brain Trust are doing.

III

How land a Federal job at Santa Claus's G. H. Q.? The demand far exceeds the supply. This is clear from the long waiting list of eligibles who have passed the Civil Service examinations, and the huge stacks of applications on file in the offices of Senators and Representatives. Yet 30,000 or more men and women now drawing government pay cheques in Washington twice a month have turned the trick, so it can be done, just as it is possible for those who know the ropes to land a couple of orchestra seats though the ticket window carries the sign "house sold out." Patronage distribution is in the hands of Postmaster General Farley, but neither he nor his chief lieutenant at the National Committee, Emil Hurja, have time to investigate personally the merits of each applicant. If you have a drag with a Senator, Congressman, or a national committee man, in the good graces of the Roosevelt patronage chiefs, his endorsement will go far toward landing for you a better paid job than anything you could get by winning top-notch marks in the competitive examinations of the Civil Service. Petticoat influence may at times tip the scales, particularly in commending to the good graces of the appointing authority some youngster from way back home. Provided the aspirant knows a public man of influence, the chances for a place on the Federal payroll in Washington are thus a good deal better than would appear on the surface. For New Dealers are like members of a large fraternity. Once tapped for membership, you obtain the privileges of the club, including government billets for a few of your friends.

The New Deal boom has not only added a fair-sized city to the government-supported population in Washington, but it has substantially increased other groups whose work closely ties in with the operations of the Federal Government. Newspaper and other writers, for example, were never more numerous in the capital than they are today—with the possible exception of the World War period. The three great press associations, the Associated Press, the Universal Service and the United Press, have their reporters stationed at nearly every street corner. The metropolitan journals maintain large bureaus, and smaller papers one, two, or three special correspondents of their own. The Press Gallery in Congress extends privileges to about 500 correspondents, and there are others who do not appear on the list. Magazine and special writ-

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ers, and reporters for business news services, which aim to give their clients an "inside" picture of the confused and kaleidoscopic panorama in Washington, swell the list, and in addition editors and men on special assignment come to town for a few weeks, to add to the output of the regulars.

Lobbyists are almost as old as the Federal Government itself. The New Deal may not have brought with it any new lobbying technique, but it has brought to Washington on permanent assignment representatives of hundreds of business, industrial and other enterprises. Practically every business in the country has some kind of Washington representation today, and many trade associations have set up their headquarters here. Lobbyists and legislative representatives hold an important place in the life of the city. Hand-picked, and well paid, they put on a good front and mix freely in official and semi-official society. Among the new organizations, the American Liberty League holds a place well to the fore. Though not demobilized, the Prohibition lobby gets little attention. The war veterans continue to be well represented. The large number of organizations represented in Washington bears witness to the importance which various groups attach to the legislative and other actions of the Washington government. The spenders and propagandists seem to fill the best seats in the house. Except for the National Economy League, the taxpayer continues to remain pretty much out of the picture.

IV

Appropriately enough, the era which sees the greatest peacetime expansion of Federal activities coincides with the completion of the most ambitious public buildings programme ever launched since L'Enfant, the Frenchman, laid out the plans for the national capital. The New Deal can take credit for all the alphabetical agencies, but it can not do so for the new buildings whose splendor so strongly impresses visitors to the city. It was the Republican Administration of the pre-depression golden age that conceived the plan for most of the fine buildings that now house the Federal bureaucracy. Mr. Hoover started off with his $17,500,000 Department of Commerce—the temple of fact-finding. The Democrats, then out of power, were annoyed at the magnificence of this building, where the experts worked who contributed so many of the figures used by Mr. Hoover, as President, in his economic prophecies and his political speeches. But other buildings now rival, if they do not eclipse in magnificence, the Commerce building, part of which is used by the NRA and its large staff.

When Mr. Roosevelt returned from Warm Springs on December 5, he moved into his new executive offices—commensurate in their size and in their appointments with the advance in executive authority registered since he became President. Postmaster General Farley and Attorney General Cummings direct the affairs of their respective departments from new and palatial office buildings. Other recent additions include an Archives building, Interstate Commerce Commission, Labor, new House Office buildings and many others. Construction of these units has brought millions of dollars into Washington.

Notwithstanding the big Federal payroll and increased population, the capital nevertheless has a real relief problem on its hands. A special survey made by the Washington *News*, showed

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that one out of every seven of the population is on the dole, or 72,000 in all. A partial explanation may lie in the fact that seventy-six per cent of those on relief are colored. Washington is easily accessible to most of the South, and thousands of Southern Negroes have come to the city in the hope that Uncle Sam would provide them with a present-day equivalent of "forty dollars and a mule." The New Deal largess and the Santa Claus distribution of money and care have been heralded far and wide. Whatever the achievements of the New Deal have been, there can be little question that it has encouraged millions to look on the Federal Government as a universal provider. So the capital, as the point of origin for the distribution of the New Deal billions, has exercised a potent appeal to the footloose and the nomads. Additional thousands have journeyed to the city in the hope of landing Federal jobs. Those without sufficient political pull to land a government billet have been added to the city's unemployed. Panhandlers are as bold here as they are in any city in the country; even outside the gates of the White House they ply their trade.

The large relief population in Washington has brought with it a serious health problem. Medical and hospital facilities have been inadequate, even though hundreds of millions of dollars have been available for the public building programme. Visitors to Washington —those who stop at the best hotels, make the rounds of the night clubs and have entry to the entertainments of high officials and diplomats—rarely see what lies behind the façade of outer brilliance, the unemployment, the doles and the development under the shadow of the Capitol of a large class of persons who have a deep and growing conviction that the government will everlastingly take care of them.

A city more beautiful in its external features year by year, Washington has become the focal point for a centralization of governmental authority that goes far beyond anything the country has previously seen. That centralization made boom conditions inevitable. For when government attempts a big job, whether it be conducting a war or fighting a depression by priming the pump, a vast expansion in its organization always follows. Red tape, official rules and regulations, checks and counter-checks, these are all part and parcel of the machinery of government. Bureaucracy is something more than the men and women who sit behind the desks, write out the orders and perform the paper work; like Boston, it is a state of mind. The New Deal bureaucracy runs true to form. Invested by Congress, on the basis of the popular mandates of 1932 and 1934, with enormous authority over the affairs of the individual, and entrusted with the spending of vast sums of money, the New Dealers have become firmly entrenched in Washington. Power has an infectious quality that feeds on itself, and New Dealers will naturally want to keep their bureaucrats in the seats of power. Up to now there has been virtually no check or audit of the New Deal and its works, and now that the Republican opposition in Congress has been reduced to negligible proportions, a real audit is likely to be deferred for at least another two years. Washington, there can be no doubt, will remain a boom town as long as the New Deal remains, and for those who man the guns it will continue to offer not only good pay but thrills and romance aplenty, and life in the grand manner.

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The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

The most striking addition to the list of fiction for 1934 that has been published since the last Landscape was written is Franz Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* (Viking, $3), a novel of 832 pages which a great many people will be reading well into the New Year, if general critical approval means what it should.

It is the work of a German author of note, another of the exiles from the rule of the Nazis. A number of his novels have been published in this country and some have had fair success, although not anything like what they deserved. The Landscaper wrote with great enthusiasm of one in particular, *Verdi, the Romance of the Opera,* a fascinating story with a fine air of nobility about it, which is still very much worth looking up, particularly if you have any especial interest in music.

The present novel, however, has a much wider appeal than anything else Herr Werfel has given us, for two sound reasons: first because it is a magnificent adventure story, and second because it deals with the grave problems of nationalism and of racial minorities. Basically it is the story of the resistance of 5,000 Armenian villagers to the Turks during the terrible days of the World War, when efforts were renewed to wipe out the Armenians.

Musa Dagh is a mountain in Syria, the Mount of Moses, and upon its steep slopes takes place most of the action of the book; the Armenians, under the leadership of one of their number who had been an officer in the Turkish army and who had returned home after marrying a French wife and living the life of a cosmopolitan, decided that since they were doomed anyway, they might as well sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The odds were overwhelmingly against them, but the terrain was theirs, and not all the troops sent against them were as full of enthusiasm as they might have been, so the battle was fought on somewhat even terms, a combination of guerilla warfare with the use of scientific tactics and strategy that makes irresistible reading, and can not but involve the emotions of any one who admires courage or who is interested in what happens to people under stress.

The Story Ends Happily

The conclusion of the desperate resistance was relief by a French squadron, with the removal of the survivors, and the prospect that they would be able to start life again, a small nucleus

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of a nation that it seems impossible to kill. But the leader, Bagradian, whose son has lost his life, and whose wife has proved unfaithful to him, is not among the rescued; he is the symbol of heroic devotion who, having done his work, dies.

This bare skeleton of Herr Werfel's long and skilfully written book may be enough to indicate its interest as a story, but there is a great deal more to it. Some reviewers have suggested that it is really the story of the Jews in Germany under Nazi persecution, and there is little doubt that the author did have in mind the plight of his own people, but he does not labor his symbolism, and neither is his book an example of special pleading. It is a rich piece of work, filled with the essence of humanity, and it is written both in its emotion and in its detail as if the author had been a part of what he writes about. It is, too, reasonably historical. There is very little doubt of its high rank among recent novels, and the Landscaper recommends it without bothering about making reservations.

The other novels of the last few weeks of the year, or novels that escaped the Landscaper's attention earlier in the season during the peak of the flood, which deserve attention include two from Maine, a State that is in the midst of a small literary upheaval, having suddenly become articulate and threatening to run away with the American show. Rumblings of this eruption were heard when Gladys Hasty Carroll's *As the Earth Turns* appeared in 1933 and when Kenneth Roberts began his fine series of historical novels, the latest of which is *Captain Caution*, and a first-rate story it is, too, as exciting as any one could wish and very well written.

Maine Seafaring Folk

The two mentioned in the foregoing paragraph are Isabel Hopestill Carter's *Shipmates* (William Scott, $2.50); and Elaine Myers's *Loaves and Fishes* (Henkle, $2.50), both by new authors. The Carter novel is primarily the story of a lass who married a sailor and went to sea with him, bearing her children there and coming to anchor with them, a widow, when her husband loses his life. The author is herself of seafaring stock and spent her early days on her father's ships. She writes simply and unpretentiously, but in a most agreeable style, and her children are unusually attractive, as well as her loyal wife who didn't mind going around the Horn so long as she could be near her husband. The story has enough excitement in it, but it scores largely because of its homely quality, its fine simplicity, which fits the subject.

Miss Myers has written of coast people, like so many families in Maine practically amphibious, and her book is made up largely of the struggle of another faithful woman to keep her family together after the sea has taken her young husband. The style is much lusher and more romantic than that of Miss Carter's book, but there is genuine feeling in it and an obvious veracity of detail.

Two more recent Maine books mentioned here before, but both quite good enough to bear recalling, are Mary Ellen Chase's *Mary Peters* and Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Lost Paradise*, both published by Macmillan. The first is about a girl born at sea who finally has to come ashore and take care of a family; the second, a poet's remembrance of two weeks of his boyhood on a coast farm. It will be interesting to see

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how far this Maine movement goes; the people who are in it have genuine talent, and certainly the material is inexhaustible.

Tarkington's Boys

And, too, there is Booth Tarkington's latest venture into the world of small boys, *Little Orvie* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which tells about a lad of seven, and which the Landscaper found about as hilariously entertaining as any book he has read in years. It may have a slightly Peck's-Bad-Boy air about it, but Orvard is a seven-year-old to the life, and subtly distinguished from the older Penrod. The newest hero is not really bad, he is just misunderstood; a visitor from another world who can't see the sense of what goes on around him and is therefore in constant conflict with it. The theme of the book is Orvie's passionate desire for a dog, which is completely and fully gratified in one of the happiest endings on record, for we leave the young man with an armful of puppies of various breeds. The Landscaper has discovered that not all the admirers of Penrod and Willie Baxter think so highly of Orvie as of the other two, but the first opinion stands: Mr. Tarkington has done another masterpiece in juvenile psychology. In Boydy-Boy, a spoiled brat of four who comes to call on Orvie, he has done a study of one of the most detestable young hellions in all literature; all fond parents of one boy-child ought to be forced to read it as a protection to the rest of us.

Other good books of fiction of recent publication include such diverse titles as P. L. Travers's *Mary Poppins* (Reynal and Hitchcock, $1.50), a highly whimsical little tale about an amusing nursemaid that has swept England and which seems likely to go a long way here despite its complete detachment from the contemporary scene—or maybe because of it; Honore Morrow's *Yonder Sails the Mayflower* (Morrow, $2.50), a book about the troubles of the Pilgrim Fathers as they tried to get away from Old to New England, a human story and well done, as might be expected; Edward Newhouse's *You Can't Sleep Here* (Macaulay, $2.50), a novel about a Hooverville which is supposed to be Communist propaganda, and which is proletarian fiction, but which has some excellent qualities if you don't mind the everyday language of the streets on the printed page; and Caroline Gordon's *Alex Maury, Sportsman* (Scribners, $2.50), a character study of a Southerner that will linger long in the memory, a really lovely book and simply packed with the lore of wood and field. It offers further evidence of the striking talent that first made its public appearance in Miss Gordon's *Penhally*, one of the best of all the many Southern novels of recent years.

From "The Smart Set"

Worthy of recommendation, too, is *The Smart Set Anthology* (Reynal and Hitchcock, $3.50), a fat volume of selections from the old *Smart Set* during its best days, the days first of Willard Huntington Wright and later of George Jean Nathan and Henry L. Mencken. Burton Rascoe supplies a characteristically snappy and readable introduction, which is a history of the remarkable magazine, and he and Conklin Groff, who began work on the project some years ago and wound up with enough stuff for half a dozen volumes, made the choice of the material. It is a perfect bedside book for any one in the forties who can remember the

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thrill of the *Smart Set's* sophistication, and there is a lot of stuff in it that does not have to rely upon any such extraneous help for its appeal.

Some Good Novels

Before we say good-bye forever to what 1934 brought us in the way of fiction, the Landscaper offers the following list as the novels of the year that gave him the deepest and most lasting pleasure:

Cloud Howe by Lewis Grassic Gibbon, the sequel to which, *Grey Granite*, will be published shortly; *Breathe Upon These Slain* by Evelyn Scott; *Joseph and His Brothers* by Thomas Mann; *Lightship* by Archie Binns; *The Cold Journey* by Grace Zaring Stone; *So Red the Rose* by Stark Young; *Now in November* by Josephine Johnson; *The Proud Servant* by Margaret Irwin; *The Golden Vanity* by Isabel Paterson; *A Nest of Simple Folk* by Sean O'Faolain; *I, Claudius* by Robert Graves; *Lust for Life* by Irving Stone; *Mary Peters* by Mary Ellen Chase; and Victoria Lincoln's *February Hill*. Also, of course, Franz Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*. Search as you will, the name of Lewis Grassic Gibbon's *Cloud Howe* will not be found on any other list of best novels, but the Landscaper is not in any doubt at all of its superior merit; advance reports are that *Grey Granite* is as good, if not even a little bit better.

So long as we are on the subject of the author of *Cloud Howe*, it is probably just as well to pass on to another excellent book he has done under his real name, which is J. Leslie Mitchell. The book is called *Earth Conquerors: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Explorers* (Simon and Schuster, $3.50), and is concerned with the following nine who have sought what Mr. Mitchell calls the Fortunate Isles: Leif Ericsson, Marco Polo, Columbus, Cabeza de Vaca, Magellan, Bering, Mungo Park, Richard Burton and Fridtjof Nansen. Their work is tied together with a perfectly excellent introduction and the sketches themselves are both well and freshly written.

This Mitchell-Gibbon is himself an explorer, a Scot, and therefore a natural-born wanderer, who is one of the greatest living authorities on the Maya civilization among other things. He is also an aviator, and all this has been accomplished at the tender age of thirty-one. If the gods are kind and he doesn't lose his life in some of his adventurings, you will be hearing his name for a long time to come, both as a novelist and as a writer of first-rate books of non-fiction.

Bottom of the Sea

Speaking of his book leads us quite naturally to other books of adventure, and there is nothing of this sort around that is any more exciting than William Beebe's *Half Mile Down* (Harcourt, Brace, $5), which might have been subtitled *Adventures in a Bathysphere*. Last year Mr. Beebe and Otis Barton, inventor of the bathysphere, which is, as most people know from the newspapers and the newsreels, if not from the Chicago Fair, a superior type of diving bell, went down 3,028 feet off Bermuda, which was a matter of 2,500 feet deeper than the best previous dive in an armored suit. The book is an account of this dive and other dives, together with a great deal of scientific material, some handsome colored pictures, and a brief history of diving, including an account of Alexander's sojourn at the bottom of the sea in an

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early bathysphere where on one occasion he saw a fish that took three days to swim past!

Mr. Beebe promises most nonchalantly that it will not be any time at all before helmet-diving, or even trips to the black night of the ocean depths, will be as commonplace as a ride in a bus and if he can make the promise good he will have opened up a new, strange and beautiful world for future generations to explore.

There is excitement and adventure, too, in Sir James Jeans's latest book, which is much more popular than his others whose difficulty has not however stopped large numbers of people from reading them. The new one is *Through Space and Time* (Macmillan, $2.50), and after describing the carryings-on that have made drama of the life of our tiny planet, it plunges straight out into the universe. It is an exploding, or expanding, universe of which we are so infinitesimal a part that if we didn't stop to think that we could at least grasp the universe with our one-cylinder brains we really ought not to bother about continuing to breathe. Sir James writes extremely well, as is well known, and this is an invaluable book for those who have not had time to look into the recent findings of science concerning Man, the Earth and Space.

Russell Owen's *South of the Sun* (John Day, $2.50) is another excellent book about exploration, although the real emphasis is upon the human side of the matter in this case. Mr. Owen devotes his attention to an account of how the men on the first Byrd expedition got along as a group cut off from all ordinary human contacts and forced into a society from which there was no escape. It is a fine study of social psychology and most attractively written.

Japan and the Future

Of recent books about our own times and the problems that engage our attention when we are not occupied with more immediate and personal matters, the Landscaper's first choice would be Upton Close's *Challenge: Behind the Face of Japan* (Farrar and Rinehart, $3), which explains Japan's attitude toward the rest of the world in simple language, gives a picture of the country and its leaders, and then ventures the prophecy that unless this country is willing to withdraw from the Pacific, it will inevitably have to fight the Japanese, perhaps as an ally of the Russians. The combination may sound a bit odd at first blush, but history is full of such things; the only tie that binds one nation to another at any time is self-interest.

Some students of the situation in the Far East still hope that Japan's imperialistic course will be checked by an internal explosion, but Mr. Close says this is nonsense and that in spite of a badly unbalanced budget and of some serious domestic difficulties, Japan is a strong nation well able to carry through the plans made by its ambitious masters.

On the face of it, Mr. Close's book may appear a sensational piece of journalism, but it should not be taken thus; it is the work of a man who knows the East, and whose writings in this case have a melodramatic air because the facts themselves are melodramatic. It is interesting to note that Mr. Close, writing several months ago, said Japan would demand naval parity, and would get it one way or another, which is one prophecy that has been fully borne out by events.

For those who are interested in the broader aspects of foreign relations,

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Michael Demiashkevich has written an extraordinarily succinct and readable introduction to the whole question of the relations between nations in *Shackled Diplomacy* (Barnes and Noble, $2.50), which is not only valuable as an historical sketch, but also as a help to understanding the workings of present-day chancelleries. It is not a pretty picture, this study of the diplomatic past, but in spite of it all the author thinks things are getting better, that the League of Nations is definitely useful and evolution continues. One of the appealing points of the book to the Landscaper is that its author, unlike the Marxists, knows that wars have many causes, and that the complete destruction of the capitalist system would not stop them unless a new set of people went with the changed world. This is a genuinely intelligent book, from which much is to be learned.

The Saar Situation

At this writing it looks as if the threat to the peace of Europe contained in the Saar situation had passed, and this takes away, perhaps, from the importance of another of the topical volumes of recent publication, Michael Florinsky's *The Saar Struggle* (Macmillan, $2), an excellent small book written from first-hand observation. But there is permanent value in what the author says of the actual workings of a League of Nations government and lessons to be learned from the observations, one of the first of which is that international commissions are never going to be popular as ruling bodies. People will stand any sort of abuse from their own kind rather than be bossed about by foreigners, no matter how good their intentions, and very little can be done about it.

Every one interested in foreign affairs—in contemporary history, would be better, perhaps—will find Quincy Howe's *World Diary* (McBride, $3.50), not only of interest as a book to read through, but especially useful for reference. As editor of *The Living Age*, Mr. Howe regularly prepares digests of foreign correspondence and articles in foreign newspapers and is therefore *au courant* with whatever developments there are, and he has followed this method in the preparation of the *Diary*. It is possible to quarrel with his interpretations at times, but the material is valuable and well put together. There are also a great many excellent cartoons and caricatures that are worthy of preservation.

Our Own Miseries

Of books about the world today that come much closer home in their interest, Norman Thomas's *Human Exploitation* (Stokes, $2.75) is one of the best and most important. Mr. Thomas calls his method of investigating conditions in this country "test borings," and the material he brings up is shocking, although a good many of us know we have a long way to go before we can view our handiwork in America with any degree of complacency. Mr. Thomas is not talking about the depression, either, but about the great boom, when we were supposed to be the most prosperous nation on earth, and were, but with whole sections of our population left out of the distribution of imaginary profits.

Naturally if you asked Mr. Thomas what to do about it, he would answer with the Socialist formula, but his book is far more than a mere argument for a mild governmental swing toward the Left, with public ownership of pub-

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lic utilities and so on; it is hard and factual and ought to be thoroughly discomforting to any one with a trace of social conscience.

It is all interesting, much of it offering consolation to those who fear that the home market for the products of our factories is in danger of early saturation—a million people in New York city without bathtubs, for example. There is a good deal of first hand investigation in it, and this applies to the sections relating to the plight of the Southern sharecropper, who has been the Forgotten Man so long he wouldn't understand any other rôle. What Mr. Thomas says on this subject is gospel, and while the Landscaper does not envy any one who sets out to rehabilitate the sharecropper, white or black, the work is there to be done. The standard of living among our sharecroppers is considerably below that of the average European peasant, as your reporter knows from first hand experience here and abroad; such people are of precious little use to a nation committed to mass production, if one cares to regard the problem from a coldly mercenary point of view.

Peru's Troubles

Another of the recent books that deals with some of the same questions discussed by Mr. Thomas in quite another country from ours is Carleton Beals's *Fire on the Andes* (Lippincott, $3), a most excellent book on Peru, with illustrations by a distinguished native artist, José Sabogal. This is the result of a long stay on the scene and also of a deep knowledge of the whole Latin American situation, a field Mr. Beals has made his own. Conditions are bad in Peru—of course, we didn't help any with those famous loans of ours—but Mr. Beals is hopeful for a resurgence of the native culture, for which he has a great admiration. His book is filled with color and vigor and written as exciting history; as usual, his style is slapdash and his grammar reckless, but he has the true journalist's feeling for vividness, and he has something to say.

If an adopted New Yorker may assume that the rest of the country is also interested in this so-fascinating city, the Landscaper would like to recommend one of the best books of the season, Richard McKay's *South Street: A Maritime History* (Putnam, $5), which is a story of the growth and development of this port written by a descendant of the McKay who designed clipper ships. It ought to appeal to any one who has ever loved a sailing ship; for the Landscaper it repeopled South Street, one of his favorite thoroughfares, anyway, with tall masts and pigtailed sailors; it is scholarly, thorough, well done and delightful.

Westchester's History

Carrying this matter of local pride a step further, the remarkable county of Westchester that lies to the north of us, and over whose parkways we travel when we are trying to get out of town, has instituted a method of instructing its children in county matters that might well serve as a model the country over. Certainly not every county in America is a Westchester either for scenic beauty, historic interest, good government, or any of the other unusual attributes of our neighbor, but a plan which teaches children to know and to love the fragment of the earth they call home is bound to be beneficial.

The scheme was started by Gerard Swope several years ago, and has resulted in the publication of a number of

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pamphlets, brought out by the Westchester County Publications Committee at White Plains. The specimens I have seen and read with keen interest—I have a great admiration for Westchester County because I frequently drive through it and looking at its beauties realize that it took work and planning and money to give the traveler so much loveliness—include *The Story of Present-Day Westchester County*, *The Story of the Geology of Westchester County*, and *Incidents from Westchester's History*. Mary S. Roeder wrote the first, Frances H. Smith the second and Helen L. Hultz the third.

They are interestingly written and would all serve as helpful guidebooks to any one passing through the county who wished to see its main points of interest. The first three pamphlets of the series are the work of teachers in the Scarsdale schools and there will be others. The Landscaper supposes, although this may be a presumption, since the suggestion is made without authority, that other parts of the country which are interested in this phase of Westchester's educational activities may obtain copies of the pamphlets. There is a splendid field in this teaching of local history; maybe not so many of us would have broken our necks to get away from home if somebody had just taken the trouble to tell us how much had happened where we lived and how many interesting things there were to see and do right outside our own front doors.

The Good Old Days

One more book about New York, this time not so encouraging, because it is the political history of our town during the great boom. It is Milton Mackaye's *The Tin Box Parade* (McBride, $2.50), a few chapters of which appeared in *The New Yorker*, but the greater part of which is entirely new. As a reporter Mr. Mackaye dwelt in the midst of this mad spell, and he writes about it with great humor and insight. He is consistently hard-boiled and detached, but some of the glamour of the Jimmy Walker era slips past him, so that we are likely to say, "Yes, wasn't it just terrible," when we all know it was fun while it lasted. Mr. Mackaye is unmerciful on the subject of the New Tammany, and rightfully so, of course. Tammany will never be anything but Tammany, and all we need for another spree is just a little more loose change. *The Tin Box Parade* is one of the year's most entertaining books, charmingly cynical and amusing and still packed with facts from the records. It was an incredible era, and deserved just the treatment Mr. Mackaye has given it.

Of the books that remain to be discussed, two of entirely different kinds are outstanding, and would be outstanding in any season. One of these is Frank Swinnerton's *The Georgian Scene* (Farrar and Rinehart, $3), a literary panorama by a man who has been in the midst of things in England throughout the period he covers, who writes charmingly, and who is a good critic besides. The result of this combination is a book any one who cares for the recent history of English literature can hardly afford to miss; it is both good reading and useful for reference.

Sense About Wines

The other is the best book the Landscaper has come across on the question of wines, *The Complete Wine Book*, by Frank Schoonmaker and Tom Marvel (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). It was suggested some time ago in this de-

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partment that one of the best ways to solve the liquor question in this country would be to put in some first-class courses in the best schools designed to teach the students the proper respect for good things to drink. Maybe this won't be done, but if it is, the Schoonmaker-Marvel volume is the proper textbook; nobody need look any farther. It begins with a sensible argument in favor of wine-drinking and explains how existing laws are carefully arranged so as to favor hard liquor, and goes on to explain just about all anybody needs to know about wines, where they come from, how they are handled, how they are to be drunk, and when, and all this with an absolute minimum of bunk.

There is a lot of excellent propaganda for the wine trade, with which the Landscaper finds himself in entire sympathy—the current trend toward sherry in place of cocktails is one of the few hopeful signs of the times—and maybe if the book has a wide enough circulation we may be able to find what we want in wines at reasonable prices properly labeled. Messrs. Schoonmaker and Marvel deserve a cheer; they write like people who really appreciate the importance of good wine in the good life. . . .

Books for Musicians

Two other recent books are of especial interest and importance to people who care about music. One is Charles O'Connell's *The Victor Book of the Symphony* (Simon and Schuster, $3.50), a large and handsome volume with an introduction by Leopold Stokowski, and containing in addition to intelligent discussion of hundreds of symphonies and symphonic compositions a large number of biographies of musicians. Those who recall the earlier editions of *The Victor Book of the Opera* will find the new volume something else altogether, much better done in every respect, and handsomely made up.

The other is *Composers of Today*, edited by David Ewen (H. W. Wilson, $4.50), biographies of 200 composers, with extensive bibliographies, and so on. This book is one of a series of biographical books now being published by the Wilson Company and they are all of excellent quality.

Readers of *Your Money's Worth*, published at the outset of the organization of Consumers' Research, and of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, another healthy blow at the dishonest advertising designed solely to lure the reluctant dollar from the pocket of the man who has worked for it and earned it, are certain to be interested in Mary C. Phillips's *Skin Deep* (Vanguard Press, $2), which takes us for a journey through the magic country of cosmetics. Miss Phillips worked with Consumers' Research, and her findings knock the spots out of most of the claims of the people who make beauty aids; she is so skeptical she doesn't believe soap, for example, will do any more than keep the skin fairly clean, and sometimes widely advertised soaps will not only not remake the skin nearer to the heart's desire, but are downright harmful.

In the main, this is a book to cheer the heart of any one who has been disgusted by the charlatanism and the snobbery of the cosmetics makers; like *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* it names names and it also crusades vigorously for a real Pure Food and Drugs Act.

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